...e in New-York.

FIGHT BETWEEN SAMPSON AND BROWN.—The good folks of Doncaster were on Monday, September 19th, enlivened, though not honored, by a fight, in addition to their racing amusements.—The competitors were Brown and Sampson, whose match for £200 a side, it will be recollected, has been standing over for upwards of a year and a half, in consequence of Sampson declining to go to the scratch at Ludlow, according to the original understanding, and the stake-holder not having appointed a second time and place of meeting until the present occasion. Both men have been in training for some time, and arrived at Doncaster on Sunday. The match, from its long delay, as well as the prostrate state of pugilistic sports, excited little interest, and led to very few betting speculations till the eve and morning of the battle, when some "business" was done at five and six to four on Sampson.

The Mayor of Doncaster having signified his intention to prevent the mill in his jurisdiction, it was determined to pitch the stakes in a field near Pegburn Leys, the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, about five miles to the north of Doncaster. Thither Oliver and Frostyfaced Fogo bent their course, and a very excellent piece of turf was chosen. In order that the fight might come off before the races commenced, it was ordered that the men should be in the ring between eight and nine o'clock in the morning—and previous to that time the road to the scene of action was thronged by all classes, who mustered in strong force on the appointed spot, the toddlers being by far the most numerous.

Shortly before nine the men entered the ring, Brown taking the lead, attended by Matt. Robinson and Tom Oliver, and Sampson by Jem Ward and Harry Holt. Sampson declined shaking hands with his antagonist, and both commenced peeling without delay. Two umpires and a referee having been appointed, the men were brought to the scratch—neither looked in "slap-up" condition, but Sampson had the advantage in symmetry of person, while Brown had the advantage in length and weight. Sampson's friends did not fail to chafe the Bridgenorth Hero, and to apply every opprobrious epithet to him which their hostility could suggest. Brown, however, was cool and steady, and although the party was evidently strong against him, he seemed to have no fears for the result.

THE FIGHT AND ROBBERY.—Precisely at twenty-one minutes after nine the battle commenced.—The first round lasted nearly ten minutes, which was occupied by cautious waiting on both sides. Brown stopped an effort from Sampson's left, and shortly after planted his right on Sampson's head; after a slight exchange of hits, Brown then closed and threw his man, falling heavily upon him. In the second round both men were more anxious for the affray, and after little play Sampson dashed in and planted his left heavily on Brown's left eye, which instantly swelled up, and first blood was proclaimed amidst thundering shouts from the Sampsonites. A second left handed hit on the ear brought the men to a close, and in the close Sampson was again down. In the third round Brown lost no time in rushing to a close; Sampson hit up well when in, and in the close both went down, Sampson under. It was now two to one on Sampson. In the fourth round, however, Brown hit him down with his right on the side of the head, and this was the first knock-down blow. From this to the 15th round Sampson had the best of the out-fighting, jobbing his man right and left with great severity on both eyes, and giving woeful evidence of the force of his blows by the altered state of Brown's ogles. Still Brown fought with unshrinking game, and rushed in to hit right and left, but he hit overhanded with his right, catching Sampson on the side of the head without making much visible impression; Sampson, however, began to show symptoms of weakness, and in the (the 16th) round, after a wild rally, in which heavy hits were exchanged, Brown succeeded in grasping him for the throw, which he obtained, and on going down caught Sampson's head under his arm and gave him a severe twist in the spine as he fell. This was not relished by Sampson's partizans, and an attempt was made to break in the ring, but for the moment it was successfully resisted, or rather not persevered in.

In the 16 and 17 rounds Sampson had rather the advantage, but in the 18th Brown put in a good nobber close to the temple with his right, and closed for the fall, when Sampson slipped from his grasp to avoid, but obviously weak. Brown now went vigorously to work, right and left, Sampson retreating; at last they got to the ropes, and Sampson again got down. In the 20th round a desperate rally was fought: both hit away with fury, and Sampson was thrown. (The ring was again broke in, but again were the intruders repressed.) In the next round, however, Brown, pursuing his bustling system, stood upon no repairs, but went to work, and catching Sampson on the ropes, hit him severely on the head several times, till he fell almost senseless. This was the signal for a simultaneous rush to the ring; a friend of Sampson's gave the office to "come in," and the roped arena was instantly crowded with persons armed with sticks, who were evidently bent on preventing a fair issue to the battle. Sampson, on coming to himself, claimed "a foul blow," but this was decided against him; and the referee, seeing that there was no chance of the fight being continued with fairness, retired, and on his arrival at Doncaster stated that Brown was the winner, so persuaded was he that Sampson had not a chance. This was the impression of all the respectable persons present, and any odds might have been had on Brown. Such a conclusion, however, did not suit the "books" of those who broke in the ring, and after the retirement of the referee, the fight was continued very unprudently on the part of Brown. Several rounds were contested amidst the most dreadful confusion, during which Brown was beaten on the head with sticks, and kicked by the mob in the most disgraceful manner. Still he fought on, and although all "time keeping" was out of the question, did his best. He had but a slight glimmering of sight from one eye, and of this he would have been deprived but from a cut, which let out the blood and allayed the swelling. In this horrible state of disorder the fighting continued, till Brown's friends saw he would not be permitted to win, and as his life was in hazard, they determined on taking him away. The fight was of course claimed on the part of Sampson, but there was a universal outcry against the gross injustice which had been done to Brown, and almost every backer of Brown declared he would not pay, while several of the most influential betting men said they could not receive under such circumstances.

Both men were taken off the ground to their respective inns, and in an hour after the fight, a backer of Brown met the Stakeholder at the Subscription Rooms and protested against his giving up the stakes without consulting the umpires and the referee. The Stakeholder however said, "he had already given the money to Sampson, and there was an end of it." Against this extraordinary and unprecedented proceeding there was no remedy, and poor Brown was left to the consolations of a battered head and empty pockets. The rule of the ring is, that "all betts go with the battle money;" but we suspect from the public declarations in this instance, that this rule will not be observed.

It was clear from the first that a premeditated plan was laid to prevent Sampson from losing if he could not win—and that he had lost all fair chance of winning in the 21st round, was universally acknowledged. He had been severely hit on the side of the head; and added to this, the injury of the spine was such, that, until bled at Doncaster, he could not stand upright.—Brown, on the contrary, was strong and fresh to the last; and although nearly blind, became so formidable in his attacks, that Sampson shrunk from the ponderous fall of his blows. It would be useless to pursue description, however, where a barefaced robbery was so apparent.—Many singular remarks were made on the precipitation with which the Stakeholder gave up the stakes, but, upon reflection, the surprise on this subject soon subsided. We think we may now fairly say we have recorded "the last speech and dying words of the Fancy."—*Bell's Life in London.*

INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.—*Damascus Barrels.*—Most sportsmen are aware that a twisted barrel is formed by horse nails, or other tough iron, being beat out to a long bar, then twisted round a kink of anvil, much in the same manner as leather is put round the handle of a whip-crop. The Damascus is a mixture of iron and steel, and has its grain directly crossways when beat out; so that the bar of Damascus, when twisted, forms a continuation of small grains running longitudinally, which must be more liable to open, if not to burst, than a continued round of solid well-beat iron. It may be compared to a piece of wood cut across, instead of with the grain. All this may be easily demonstrated, by putting some acid to eat away the iron. I should not have ventured to pronounce my feeble judgment on a point of this kind, was it not that I am of the same opinion as Mr. Joseph Manton, and some other first-rate gunmakers.

I shall now conclude under the head of "Barrels," with a copy, verbatim, from a part of my journal when last at Birmingham.

"Saw the process of making Damascus barrels, the mixture of iron and steel for which is beat out in long bars, and then, previously to being wound round the anvil, twisted by a kind of turning lathe, (similar to wringing cloths when wet, and then beat flat again. Although these are by far the dearest barrels that are made, yet the price of one in Birmingham is very trifling; viz.

	£.	s.	d.
Forging,	1	10	0
Borine and grinding,	0	5	0
Filing and patent breech,	0	11	0
Proof,	0	1	6
	2	7	6

"The stub Barrels, which are generally used for best guns, cost about sixteen shillings each.

"Went to the proof house, and was present at the proving of an immense number of barrels. The proof, as ordered by the last act of Parliament, is to one ounce ball, thirteen drams and a half of best cartridge powder, with a very stiff wadding of paper each; and so on, more or less, according to whatever ball will tightly fit the calibre. It has been observed to me here, that the London gunmakers do not go the cheapest way to work, as they commonly employ the tradesmen of the town, instead of the master workmen, who actually do the business, and consequently, they have to pay an extra price, beyond prime cost, for the article with which their country agent supplies them. Their reason, however, may be much to their credit—a wish to secure the best barrels. Was I a gunmaker, however, I should prefer keeping at Birmingham a first-rate foreman, or agent of my own, who could pick and choose, and supply me direct from the factories.

"All shooting articles in Birmingham are usually sold, or to use the term of trade 'put in,' by the dozen, at mere nothing in comparison with the retail price. One of the best shops at which I stocked myself was that of Messrs. Allen and Reneaud, No. 7, Whittal street, who supply many of the gunmakers with all kinds of turnscrews, brushes, tools, &c.; and who also deal in fishing-rods, reels, and almost every thing that can be required in the sporting way, at about one-fifth of the price that you pay in London."

ELEVATION of a single gun is readily obtained, by the additional thickness at the breeching, by placing which in a line with the muzzle, the calibre is, of course, so much elevated, as to bring the centre of it full up to the line of aim, which, were the barrels of the same size at each end, would of course be completely under the mark.

With the elevation of double guns, we remained for many years rather in ignorance. The groove between the barrels was considered, by many, as an easier sight, than that of a single gun. This may be for a sitting shot, or a bird flying straight from you; but for a cross shot, I consider it a disadvantage: as, when this sunk groove is levelled before the object, that object becomes so far obscured, by the barrel next to it, that, if a moment is lost in firing, we are ignorant how far we are pointing before it.

In order to prevent shooting under, it became necessary to what was called set up barrels; that is, to bend them upwards at the end of every season, which to say the least of it, contributed so much to their wear and tear, as to make them, in a few years, somewhat doubtful as to safety.

All these objections, however, were at last admirably remedied by Mr. Joseph Manton's elevation, which, although abused by other gunmakers, has been so closely copied by the greater part of them, more or less, that some infringed on the patent, and others brought out bungling imitations of it, "because the gentlemen would have their guns in the fashion," at the same time well aware of the necessity of an elevation. Those who are above copying tell you that a straight stock will answer the same purpose; but let me ask them, whether it will give so clear and good a sight? and will an elevation, by this means, bring your line of aim on so true a level?

Notwithstanding the elevation was before used for rifles, and seen on some very old guns, yet it must be allowed that, although attempted, it never was brought to such perfection, as to be worthy of being generally imitated, till adopted by Mr. Joseph Manton. As a proof of my original argument in its favour, my readers need only observe how universal this elevation has now become with almost every gunmaker in, and even out of the kingdom.

THE SHOOT is little used, except for beginners, and slow poking shots, who dandle their guns after a bird for ten or fifteen yards; and therefore, the less it is the better; one scarcely bigger than a pin's head will be more out of the way if not wanted; and for those who require it, the smaller it is the more readily it will help them to the centre.

THE RAMROD, which has a worm, on the same principle as the solid corkscrew, is the best to take hold of all kind of wadding, and admits of a brass cap as well as any. The one made like a screw, after a little wear, is of scacely any more use than the end of a stick, and the common worm is apt to flatten and become troublesome.

Many young sportsmen have been puzzled by shot falling into the barrel when the ramrod was there; but if, instead of trying to pull it out by force, they would turn the gun upside down, and press the ramrod into the barrel, the shot would immediately become disengaged, and fall out.

Some of the old school, who still keep to the use of paper, have been obliged to leave the field from having wedged in the ramrod, through a neglect to disengage it in time from this sort of wadding. In such a case, I conceive that putting something wet into the barrel, and softening the paper, by using a little friction with the ramrod, would, most probably, disengage it; and, by holding the gun with the muzzle downwards, after the paper had sufficiently absorbed the moisture, the shooter would have less risk of wetting his powder.

A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallenstad, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "lammergeyer," a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock with a view of taking the young birds. He had raised his arm and put his hand into the nest, when the female, hovering over his head unperceived by him, fixed her talons in his arm, and her beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsmen of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling-piece, in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go bare-footed, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger, and the piece went off, and killed his enemy on the spot. Had the bird been any where else, it must have dragged him down along with it. He procured assistence from the auberge, or inn, hard by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valor away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America.

Augusta, Me. Oct. 5, 1831.

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PORTER & HOWE, Editors and Proprietors. "AS A STRANGER, GIVE IT WELCOME." Published on Saturdays, at 53 Fulton Street.

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"Fighs and clampers, grins and greases,
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"Girls of grace, and Broadway bonnets,
"Blue-eyed belles and black-eyed beaux,
"Oho! and aho! and aho! and oho!"

The *Camden Journal* is one of the most amusing papers published: we wish it would arrive more regularly. "Those *Jackson post masters*" are too fond of a good joke to let it pass through their hands. *Reporter.*

We say in sober earnestness to Mr. Daniels, of the Camden Journal, "leave that vile habit of punning,—it will some day or other bring you into trouble"—though *why* we cannot say: it should give no offence to others if as well done as the following:

"Married at Baltimore, Mr. Thomas J. Halfpenny to Miss Matilda N. Alden. There are plenty of envious persons who will be ready enough to call this affair '*small change!*' Let them have their fun out. We, who look upon matters matrimonial more considerately, think it a *great change*; and, as the bridegroom has made the addition of a "*better half*" to his possessions, there can be little doubt that the estate is *doubled*, which every body will acknowledge a *fair* way to "turn a penny."—*Camden Journal.*

The persons alluded to are four hundred miles from the offending wight of an editor; and we dare say that, at such a distance, Mr. and Mrs. *Halfpenny* smile, to think themselves '*two far-things*' for Daniels' puns.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

CURES FOR THE CHOLERA.

Phlogistic—Drink lots of brandy—always take care to have the bottle within reach—be sure to keep a kettle in constant requisition, boiling hot, ready for an immediate manufacture of punch—the instant you are attacked, take to it—do not delay a moment. Use the remedy without procrastination—apply it hot.

Anti-Phlogistic—Use no spirits in any shape—they are mortal poison. Taken plain, immediate poison—taken diluted, slow poison. Drink coffee, and go to bed.

Phlogistic—Eat a mutton chop, or a dozen of them if you can. Get through five meals a day. Be carnivorous in all. Victual the garrison, and defy the foreign invader.

Anti-Phlogistic—Avoid the immediate use of animal food. Eat sparingly and temperately.—If you can subsist upon a single meal, do so. Observe that in all the countries where the cholera has appeared, the Jews have escaped, solely on account of their temperance.

Phlogistic—You might as well say it was solely because they dealt in old clothes. Look to India, there first died the rice-eating kindred, then the better fed, but not full fed, Musselmen; then, last of all, the beef-eating generations of Old England.

Anti-Phlogistic—But it was the beef-eating men who carried the disorder into Europe. Be cleanly in your person, in your house, and in your streets.

Phlogistic—Be, therefore, much unlike the Jews who have, you say, escaped the cholera. I do not prescribe for people who are to be warned against the impropriety of wearing a dirty shirt; and I leave the care of the streets to the scavengers.—Use water by all means, externally, as copiously as you like. Beware only of the introduction of that insidious fluid into your stomach.

Anti-Phlogistic—Carefully avoid all places and persons where contagion may be supposed to exist. Keep an anxious watch to guard against the approach of the disease. Remember that prevention is better than remedy.

Phlogistic—Take no thought about it at all—Set down what you read in the newspapers as three fourths lies, and one fourth exaggeration. Go about in all directions with a jolly heart, knowing that cowardice is the ally of all disease, and that courage is its sworn foe.

Anti-Phlogistic—Immediately send for a doctor, and be careful to follow his remedies.

Phlogistic—Avoid a doctor as you would avoid the plague itself—throw his bottles out of the window, and follow them if you please. Take for granted that humbug is the basis of medicine, and that its practice consists in throwing substances, of which you know little, into a body of which you know less. Is it Boerhaave, or Celsus, or Hippocrates, who says

Punch cures the gout, the cholic and the phthisic.

Anti-Phlogistic—Whoever says it, ought to be set down as one of the prime poisoners of mankind. I say be wise in time.

Phlogistic—I say be merry at all times.

* * * * * * *

Such is the substance of a conversation which I lately overheard. I had no time to remain any longer; but I believe that the whole matter of the controversy now going forward in the medical world, respecting the fit treatment of cholera, is summed up pretty accurately in the opinions delivered above.

A FIGHT.

A crowd of British worthies having assembled at an alehouse to get rid of their Christmas boxes, a violent dispute arose between a hackney coachman and lamplighter, about which of them *was dressed in the most genteelest manner*; words soon became so violent, that the quarrel could terminate only in a battle, and the whole party adjourned to Moorfields, where the crowd soon increased the combatants stripped—

Amid the circle now the champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands;
Hurling defiance now they fiercely close,
Their cracking jaws re-echo to the blows.

WATCHMAKER. Go it, my boys; that's the motion—spring at him, seal up his eyes; d—n me, finish him.

SAILOR. Knock out his starboard eye; run in under the guns; get into his wake. Never mind lee shores; douse his glims; shiver his mizen; give him a broadside.

SHOEMAKER. Now my lad of wax; peg away; tan the dog's hide; curry him well, that's my good *sole*; bristle up to him again, Jack; leather him soundly; now you have him fast in the stocks.

FIDDLER. Lick him to some tune—now he *quavers*.

BRICKLAYER. Give it to him in his upper story; strike his scaffolding; trowel the dog.

CARPENTER. Box him well—glue up his eyes.

TOBACCONIST. Smoke him.

BOOKSELLER. Tip him a second edition of Mendoza—let out his red ink.

GLAZIER. Darken his daylights—that's my diamond; batter his window frames; make the sun shine through him.

BAKER. Peg his dough—hit him in the bread basket—paste up his eyes—give it to him in the crumb.

TAILOR. Stick to his shirts—trim his jacket—lace him—aim at his fifth button—have the other brush—let him see you are a man.

APOTHECARY. Pound the dog—bleed him—give him a dose—dam'me sicken him.

BARBER. Lather away Dick—shave him close, work him a good two penn'orth—dress him, dust him, pin him down tight—beat him to powder—that's the barber.

BLACKSMITH. Hammer away—ply briskly—make his anvil ring again—blow him up, Jack.

UNDERTAKER. Send him to his long home, make the dog mute.

AUCTIONEER. He's going—knock him down.

BUTCHER. Have a good heart—come Ben Bozzle over his jaw bone—give him a cross buttock—flay the dog alive—knock out his liver—brine him—break every bone in his skin.

WATERMAN. Break his scull—bring him down upon his bum-boat—ply your blows quick, very fair.

REMARKABLE BALLOON ASCENSION.—It is rumored that a dashing belle residing in a town, which we do not think proper to mention, a few weeks since met with an unpleasant adventure, which was very nearly proving fatal in its effects. She was promenading on the banks of a river, accompanied by a Gentleman, two female cousins and a little dog of the Spaniel species—(we love to be particular) when a sudden gust of wind inflated the enormous sleeves of her dress, and became immediately invested with all the properties of highly rarified air. She was suddenly lifted from the ground, to the surprise and horror of her companions, maugre all her agonizing shrieks and prayers for assistance, and wafted high in the air; a sportsman in a neighboring grove, hearing her cries, stepped forth, and perceiving her dilemma—with great presence of mind, took deliberate aim at one of her sleeves; the bullet sped—passed within six feet of her head, and perforating the *balloon*, the air rushed out and she was precipitated from a fearful height into the water—and had not the other sleeve floated her buoyantly on the surface, she must have perished before assistance arrived. She escaped however with no other inconvenience than a slight cold—but was troubled with a hoarseness for several days after the alarming accident.—*Exeter News-Letter.*

A young officer of the national guard has just received a check which will probably cure him of gallantry for life. He had tormented the pretty wife of a dyer during a long time with letters and compliments, followed her about like her shadow, and at last became so terribly importunate, that she revealed the affair to her husband, who desired her to give him an appointment. Hardly had the conference began, when the dyer and several of his workmen appeared, and seizing the unhappy lover gave him a good sousing in a tub of indigo. Then in order that the dye might be solid and durable, they made him stand before a large fire till he was entirely dry. Unfortunately, he was obliged to attend parade the next day, and in consequence he made such plentiful use of soap and *eau de Cologne* that the tint of indigo disappeared but it was to give place to a beautiful sky blue.

A mechanic in the North has invented a machine for seminaries, which, by means of steam, not only warms the room but flogs all the boys on a graduated scale, according to their offences!

We wish the same mechanic would invent a machine for paying notes when short of cash.

A French Physician has published a considerable volume on the *medical use of Gold*. He mentions several ways of taking it, and among other effects ascribed to it, he says it produces an exhilaration of the spirits. Of this last effect we have no doubt, *if taken in the pockets*.—*Augusta Courier.*

INFLUENZA.—The Salina Courier says, "if there is power in Congress, we hope they will send the Influenza to the court of Russia, as Embassador Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Cholera Morbus."

THE YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

Jonathan Lamson was a genuine Yankee—a cute, awkward, whistling, hard-fisted six-footer. He was the delight of his native town—had as many accomplishments as a bat has tails, was up to every thing; danced all night, worked all day, *swapp'd* watches, licked all the boys, kissed all the girls, and was one-and-twenty!

Jonathan had a magnificent opinion of "*luck*," —ten dollars in money, a huge brass watch, and brazen impudence. He worked at all trades—made shingles, cleaned watches, whirled a sledge-hammer, and manufactured clocks, boots, and shoes; he fiddled too, and danced and peddled; so he grew tired of "*sick confinement*," set off "*down east*" to "try his *fortin*"—and found himself a stranger, without employ and moneyless, on the shores of Old England!!

But Jonathan was not a chap to be so easily discouraged; and finding a barber just defunct, stepped into his shop—married his widow, and wrote over his door in large letters with chalk, "Jonathan Lamson from America, Barber, Dentist, and Hair-Dresser,—Watches cleaned, and Boots Mended"—and found himself overrun with business.

Now we know, that in England "division of labor," is carried to a prodigious extent—a man that makes a boot never mends one, and he that cobbles a shoe never makes either. A dozen men labor on every *pin*, heading, pointing, leading, polishing, sticking, &c., so that a human being—immortal—reasonable, may spend his whole life in pointing needles or sticking on pin-heads!

Imagine then how such a multiplicity of occupations shocked their sense of propriety! They wondered at his *notions*, doubted his sanity—swore, laughed, and employed him. He pocketed his sixpences, kept mute as a guide post—rolled over his tobacco quid, and squinted his left eye, as if to say, "my name is Jonathan Lamson."

Nevertheless he was determined to have his revenge—to let them know that two strings to a bow are sometimes better than one—and he selected for his object a pursy old gentleman, incessant in jokes and profound in laughter, who was just sitting down to experience his tonsorial skill—so he lathered him duly and dexterously, to the right and to the left, and held up his glass to let him examine the result.

"Ah! decently done, Jonathan, for a Yankee. But do they heat their razors in hot water in your country?"

"Razors! we never use razors!" replied Jonathan, looking as innocent as an owl.

"What! and how do you shave then?" with a preparatory chuckle, ready to explode in a horse laugh at his simplicity.

"Oh Sir! you mistake my occupation! I *only lather!!* just step into the next street and I *guess* as how you'll get *shaved!!!*

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

Write, we know is written right,
When we see it written write,
But when we see it written right,
We know 'tis then not written wright.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

POSTSCRIPT TO COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.—The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are in all probability, the last tales it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public.

He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal Master to carry the author of Waverly to climates, in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of his health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country.

Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and atoms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the author of Waverly has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

ABBOTSFORD, September, 1831.

PITHY CORRESPONDENCE. Mr. Galt's Lives of the Players furnishes an example of pointed brevity rarely matched. Were it as unexceptionable in other respects as it is laudable for its direct and unembarrassed approach to and disposal of the matter in hand, it might be advantageously noted as a model for many who use the pen.—At the end of the season for 1748, Quin having taken some offence at the conduct of Rich the manager, retired in a fit of resentment from London to Bath, although then under engagements to him. Rich, who knew that Quin would not be brought round by entreaty, thought to gain him back by contempt. And when Quin who, having indulged his spleen, began to relent, and in his penitence wrote him in these words—

"I am at Bath. QUIN."

The answer was as laconic, though not quite so civil:

"Stay there, and be d—d. RICH."

This reply, it has been well said, cost the public one of the greatest ornaments on the stage; for Quin, on receiving it, took a firm resolution of never engaging again with 'so insolent a blockhead.'

At a supper which closed the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, held at Washington, D. C. on the 21st January, Mr. Verplanck, a representative of this city in Congress related this anecdote:

"I was engaged some years ago in a miscellaneous literary work, in conjunction with two or three friends whose writings are amongst the most valued productions of native literature. The volumes were most accurately as well as very beautifully printed. Before the sheets had reached the binder, and long before they had fallen under the eyes of any regular editorial critic, I was surprised with a review of the work in one of our best and most widely circulated literary journals. It was written with great talent, as well as elegance and sprightliness of style, and in the most friendly spirit. On enquiring for the name of our good-natured and able critic, the authors were surprised to learn that he was the compositor who had set up the whole of the manuscript, and who knew it only in that way. Our friend has since laid down the *stick* for the pen, and is now, as I trust, winning his way to fame and fortune in another country."

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.

BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.

Not with the shout of War,
Our vallies ring to day;
The song of Peace is heard afar—
And Freedom's everlasting star
Illumes our way.

'Tis not the famine cry—
The wail of misery;—
The stream of plenty floweth high;
The eagle-banner greets the sky
From every sea.

What cause hath gathered so,
The humble and the proud?
For home and country do they go,
To battle with th' invading foe,
That countless crowd!

Hark—like a swelling flood,
Their shout comes rushing by,—
Hail to the chieftain—he hath stood
Unshaken, amid seas of blood,
For Liberty.

'Tis hushed. A voice hath come,
The watchword of the free;
It echoeth in the lofty dome—
'Tis whispered in the patriot's home—
"His Memory."

They hear it; they who bow
To draw Oppression's breath—
From land to land it passeth now:
'Tis spoken with the fearful vow—
"Freedom or Death."

E'en now the nations break
That galling chain. They pour
Forth to the field. How dear the stake—
Home—freedom—country. Aye: they wake
To sleep no more.

Kings hasten to the fight.
Wo! for their doom draws on;
The eye of Vengeance flashes bright,
And terrible as Heaven's own light,
His sword is drawn.

But, lo! above the cloud
Of conflict and dismay,
Columbia's star. No gloom can shroud
Its radiant beam; or veil its proud
Immortal way.

* * * * * *

Drink silently—our toast,
"America's great Son!"
O'er earth's innumerable host
Of mighty spirits—we will boast
Our "Washington." MOI-MEME.

AGES OF SOME OF THE BEST-BRED AND OLDEST HORSES NOW LIVING IN THIS COUNTRY.—Have not many of the best running horses been gotten by stallions overtwenty? Diomed was *imported* when he was twenty-two. What was his age when he got Sir Archy, Wrangler, Duroc, Virginian, Florizel, Potomac, Peace-Maker, Top-Gallant, with many others!

Sir Archy,	25
Sir Hal,	22
Timoleon,	18
Eclipse,	17
Silver Heels,	16
Sir Charles,	15

When Addison became secretary of state, his old school mistress, being far advanced in years, grew very deaf. A friend, who one day called upon her, told her that her little favorite was now a great man, and a great writer. "Ay, (said she) I always said Joey was born to be a great man; he was a mighty clever boy, and a deal of pains I took with him: do you know that before he left me he read very near as well as I did! but pray what has he written?" 'Why, the Spectators.' —"The Sectators!—speak a little louder, pray." 'The eight volumes of the Spectators.'—"Dear me! dear me! eight volumes about potatoes! what could he find to say? But I always said Joey was a clever boy."

EXPLOITS OF PUTNAM,

As recorded in the veracious History of Connecticut, by Rev. Sam. Peters.

The wonderful exploits of General Putnam, as related by other historians, are but trifling and commonplace, compared with the version of them given in Peters' History of Connecticut. The story of the bear is altogether more heroic than that of the wolf, inasmuch as the exploit was performed by himself alone, in the dead of night, and with the primitive weapon so much used by Hercules, to wit, a club. The going over the falls surpasses any thing that has fallen from the pens of his professed biographers; and his hanging three days on a tree without food, is a matter of fact that many a writer, a little fastidious about the truth, might have hesitated to relate. But listen to the Rev. historian.

"We read that David slew a lion and a bear, and afterwards that Saul trusted him to fight Goliah. In Pomfret lives Col. Israel Putnam, who slew a she bear and her two cubs with a billet of wood. The bravery of this action brought him into public notice; and it seems he is one of fortune's favorites. The story is as follows:—In 1751, a large she bear came in the night from her den, which was three miles from Mr. Putnam's house, and took a sow out of a pen of his. The sow, by her squeaking, awoke Mr. Putnam, who hastily ran to the poor creature's relief; but before he could reach the pen, the bear had left it, and was trotting away with the sow in her mouth. Mr. Putnam took up a billet of wood, and followed the screamings of the sow, till he came to the foot of the mountain where the den was. Dauntless he entered the horrid cavern; and after walking and crawling upon his hands and knees for fifty yards, came to a roomy cell, when the bear met him with great fury. He saw nothing but the fire of her eyes; but that was sufficient for our hero; he accordingly directed his blow, which at once proved fatal to the bear and saved his own life at a most critical moment. Putnam then discovered and killed two cubs; and having, though in Egyptian darkness, dragged them and the dead sow, one by one, out of the cave, he went home, and calmly reported to his family what had happened. The neighbors declared, on viewing the place by torch-light, that his exploit exceeded those of Samson or David. Soon afterwards the General Assembly appointed Mr. Putnam a Lieutenant in the army marching against Canada. His courage and good conduct raised him to the rank of Captain the next year. The third year he was made a Major; and the fourth a Colonel. Putnam and Rogers were the heroes during the last war.* Putnam was so hardy at a time when the Indians had killed all his men, and completely hemmed him in upon a river, as to leap into a stream, which in a minute carried him down a stupendous fall, where no tree could pass without being torn in pieces.—The Indians reasonably concluded that Putnam their terrible enemy, was dead, and made report accordingly at Ticonderoga; but soon after a scouting party found their sad mistake in a bloody rencontre. Some few that got off, declared that Putnam, was yet living, and that he was the first son of Hobbamocow, and therefore immortal. However, at length, the Indians took this terrible warrior prisoner, and tied him to a tree, where he hung three days without food or drink. They did not attempt to kill him for fear of offending Hobbamockow; but they sold him to the French at a great price. The name of Putnam was more alarming to the Indians than cannon, and the men would not fight him after his escape from the falls. He was afterwards redeemed by the English."

* French war.—Peters left this country in 1774; and wrote his History in the time of the American Revolution. He was a staunch Tory.

WAGES OF AUTHORSHIP. We have received (says the Scotsman) several letters lately from the country, asking if we pay for articles furnished to the paper, and at what rate. The questions are so very reasonable that we cannot refuse an answer. We may inform our correspondents that, knowing the infirmity of the *vates sacer*, who is never able to make a prudent use of money, we pay all writers of genius (and we deal only with such) by orders on Mr. Jokelrire, the well known grocer and general furnisher, and at the following rates: For a good running anecdote, a pair of calf shoes; for a smart epigram, a glass of gin; for a new song, a pound of Gouda cheese; for a sonnet to a lady, a pint of treacle; for one foot or half a column of blank verse, a stone of raw sugar, or a wedge of brown soap, at the option of the writer; for a Pindaric ode, as much cloth as will make a strait waistcoat; for a satire or lampoon on a minister of state, a bottle of Hunt's blacking, the celebrated member for Preston having supplied us with a case of six dozen gratis, for this special service; for a satire or lampoon on a Burgh Magistrate, two salt herrings, or an ounce of kippered salmon; for a libel on the church, a pair of kutikens, or a worsted nightcap; for a pasquinade on a former Lord Advocate, a couple of Russian tongues; for a pasquinade on the Lord Advocate for the time being, nothing—inadmissible. Other articles in proportion. Articles paid for only when published, and no compensations allowed but those specified.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF STRENGTH AND SPEED. One of the most extraordinary instances of strength combined with speed that we ever recollect to have heard of, took place on Wednesday evening, in Dale street. In a ware-house in that street, a conversation about running took place between a young man employed there and a porter belonging to the Railway Company, who was waiting at the ware-house for some packages that had been forwarded by the Railway, when the Railway porter, whose name is Darlington, said he could run 120 yards, with a certain package upon his back, whilst the ware-house porter ran 200 without a load. This package contained 120 pieces of prints, weighing about 3 1-4 lbs. each, and had been packed in a hydraulic press. A wager was made of 5s. half in ale and half in money, and preparations were instantly made for the race. The package was lowered on the shoulders of the man, and, when properly balanced, off they started, when, to the utter astonishment of several who witnessed the exploit, the man carrying this ponderous load finished his 120 yards when the other, who is by-the-by an excellent runner, was eight yards from home.—*Manchester Courier.*

LACONICS.

Great talents renders a man famous; great merit procures esteem; great learning respect; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.

Always endeavor to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with; and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

How much pains have those evils cost us which have never happened?

Never expect any assistance or consolation in thy necessities from drinking companions.

The *resolution* of mankind may, perhaps, be considered a hackneid and stale subject; still, it is one which may invite the attention of the moralist and the philosopher for ages to come. If we look abroad into the wide world, we see innumerable instances of stern resolve, both in the path of virtue and in that of vice; we see examples of determination in the road of industry, and in the pursuits of frivolity and idleness—nay more, the way that leads to ruin in a pecuniary point of view is crowded by sturdy travellers, who will not abandon a favorite chase, although it has led to disappointment already a thousand times.

Resolution is indeed a strange faculty, leading to the highest excellence when directed aright, but conducting to the extreme of guilt when prompted by an evil passion. A fickle character is perhaps the most useless in creation, for when possessed by an upright man, it clogs his thought and action, and renders him akin to the imbecile, who acts without motive; whilst belonging to the vicious, it forms the tool for the more hardy villain, and frequently renders its masters the very instruments of crime. "A noble and full pledged resolution" is the attribute of a good and great man; it is content with nothing short of absolute attainment; disdains the petty impediments that would interfere with a lower sentiment, in its generous exercise, and reaches the height of usefulness and honor. Jeremy Taylor has forcibly illustrated this principle by allegory:

"The river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels."

THE WOODLARK.—This bird is about six inches long. Its bill is slender; the plumage on the head, neck, and back is of a dark greenish brown, streaked with black; a white streak passes from the bill over each eye towards the nape, nearly surrounding the head like a bandage; the under parts are white, tinged with yellow on the throat, and red on the breast, and spotted with black. The tail is rather shorter than that of other Larks, which gives this bird a less tall and slender shape: the legs are of a dull yellow; the hinder claw very long, and curved.

SCEPTICISM. Philosophers tell us that the motion of the earth is equal to seventeen miles in a second; so that if a man doffs his bonnet to a friend, in the street, he goes seventeen miles bare headed without catching cold. Five weeks experience has induced certain people to doubt the assertion. They tell us also, that the earth is two millions of miles nearer the sun in winter than in summer. It may be true; but if so, it is believed that the sun must be heated with oak and hickory in the summer, and anthracite in the winter.

Joanna Clue, who was recently rendered notorious by the charge of poisoning her husband, and whose case, while before the court, excited such general interest, expired on Friday afternoon very suddenly. The immediate cause of her decease was a fit of apoplexy. A neighbor went into her residence in Shippen street, on Friday forenoon, and not finding her below stairs, she ascended to the second story, and entered her bed-chamber, where she discovered the deceased, stretched upon the bed, and gasping in agony; she had arisen previous to the attack, and finished her toilet, when she was taken, and cast herself upon the bed; she lingered till late in the afternoon, and expired. The corpse was opened by a physician, but no indication of poison was exhibited in the stomach; her scalp was also removed, and the brain examined, which was found profusely suffused with blood.—*Phil. Courier.*

Edmund Fanton was tried on the 3d January before the supreme court, held at Fairfield, Conn. on an indictment for assaulting, with intent to kill, two persons named McKenzie and Brown. The defendant, with the help of a Mr. Crocker, purposed to lecture, for lucre, on speculative free-masonry, in a tavern, in the village of Bethel. He had hired a room and the stair-way communicating with it, for the purpose; and the persons assaulted, together with others, determined that they would see the show and hear the eloquence "free, gratis, for nothing." Fanton took a stick, a Jackson hickory stick, and belabored the two above named in such wise as to make them unconscious for the time, and uncomfortable afterward. He did not deliver his lecture in consequence, and was acquitted by the jury, on the ground that he was defending his "person and possessions."

COUNTERFEITS. The public are cautioned against an emission of counterfeit five dollar notes of the Farmers' Bank of Troy, letter H payable to G. G. Clute, and signed Jno. D. Dickinson, president, and J. V. Schoonhoven, cashier. Although they are generally very well done, and escape hasty or casual observation, they will not bear a close examination. We heard yesterday of three of these notes which were successfully passed.—*Albany Argus.*

In a storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a fellow burst into a violent fit of laughter. Being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, "Why (said he) I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes into the water."

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The ship Wm. Byrnes, from Havre, the packet Samuel Robertson, from London, and the packet Pacific, from Liverpool, arrived at this port on Tuesday, bringing Paris dates to the 18th and London to the 20th of December—being many days later than our previous advices.

The Parliament of Great Britain convened on the 6th of December, and the King in person delivered his speech on that day. He commences with an expression of his regret that they should be called by the exigencies of the times to so early a renewal of their arduous labours; recommends emphatically a speedy and satisfactory settlement of the reform question; laments the distress which exists in many parts of the country, and hopes that measures will be taken to alleviate it; expresses his concern respecting the existence of the cholera in England; states that there exists in some parts of Ireland a systematic opposition to the payment of tithes and seems to desire that some compromise may be effected between the established church and the people, which may prevent any collision in future on the subject of tithes. He then glances rapidly but cautiously over the state of Europe, and his relations with the several courts, and concludes with an expression of his deep regret at the occurrence of those acts of violence and outrage which took place at Bristol and elsewhere upon the rejection of the reform bill, and declares it to be his firm determination to suppress all combinations incompatible with regular government, (meaning the political unions so general in Great Britain,) and to repress all illegal proceedings which endanger the peace and security of the country.

Lord John Russell brought forward the new ministerial Reform Bill in the House of Commons on the 12th. It is substantially the same as that which was rejected by the Lords at the last session. After two days' discussion, the bill passed its second reading by a vote of 324 to 162—being just two to one, and exceeding by 26 the majority for the former bill. Its passage in the House of Lords was considered extremely doubtful, unless the reform party should be strengthened by a new creation of Peers.

A dreadful riot took place at Castle-Morris near Kilkenny, Ireland, on the 14th. A party of forty policemen were engaged in collecting tithes, when they were attacked by a body of the people, consisting of about 2,000 persons, and fourteen of the policemen killed, and four dangerously wounded. Three of the mob were said to have been killed.

The Cholera, though still raging at Sunderland and Newcastle, did not appear to be spreading over the country, as had been feared.

In France, every thing seemed to indicate the permanent establishment of tranquillity under the present government. The Duke of Orleans and Marshal Soult had returned from Lyons to Paris, having been successful in effecting a complete restoration of order and quiet in the former city. M. Casimir Perier, the French Prime Minister, has laid before the Chamber of Deputies a statement of the causes which led to the insurrection at Lyons, and the course which the government had pursued in effecting its suppression. He attributes the disturbances mainly to a collision between the local authorities and the silk workmen respecting the adoption of a scale of prices for labor, which the authorities had imposed on the workmen without their consent, and which has been abolished by the French government.

Great distress exists in the manufacturing and commercial districts of France, owing to the stagnation of business which the unsettled and precarious condition of political affairs has occasioned.

The king of Holland still refuses to accede to the terms of separation from Belgium, as laid down by the Conference at London. His principal ostensible objection to those articles is the right conceded to the Belgians of using the roads and canals of Holland the same as when the two countries were under one government. It was believed, however, that all difficulties would be settled without a recurrence to hostilities.

Don Pedro, it is stated, is preparing an expedition to wrest the throne of Portugal from his brother Don Miguel. The rumor that the latter had been driven out of Lisbon is of course a fabrication. He still holds despotic sway over Portugal, and is making preparations to repel the invasion of Don Pedro.

It was currently reported at Paris that disturbances had broken out at Cassel, Neufchatel, and other parts of Germany; and that strong discontent, threatening to break out into rebellion, existed in Italy, especially in the Papal dominions.

TEN DAYS LATER.

By the ship North America, which arrived at this port on the 2d inst. from Liverpool, we have received intelligence from London to the 30th of December.

The most important information obtained by this arrival is that of the continued existence of the Cholera, which now appears to be spreading with rapidity and increasing in violence throughout all Great Britain. It had reached Wales, and broken out at Gateshead, on the south side of the Tyne, where 119 persons had been attacked by it within two days. The London Sun, of Dec. 29th, thus alludes to this subject:

"The latest accounts respecting the Cholera are most frightful—most appalling! The plague is traversing the north with a giant's speed, and more than a giant's energy. Young and old—the feeble and the strong—the dissolute and the abstemious, all fall before it. It is now at the gates of Edinburgh, at Haddington, where three deaths have already taken place. But at Gateshead the mortality is terrific. The pestilence rages in every quarter of that town, and the inhabitants are completely panic struck."

The Reform Bill has not yet reached the House of Lords, but the prevailing opinion is that it will pass that body without serious opposition. This must, however, be considered very doubtful.

Don Pedro's expedition for revolutionizing Portugal had not yet sailed. He was himself at Paris, where he had been joined by the Marquis of Palmella, the agent of Donna Maria.

A party of Spanish refugees, under the command of General Torrijos, which had sailed from Gibraltar for the purpose of landing in Spain, and attempting the overthrow of the government of Ferdinand VII. were driven upon the coast, near Malaga, by some Spanish vessels, where they were surrounded by a large body of troops, and compelled to surrender. The whole number taken, 53 persons, were promptly put to death.

The government of Belgium has been obliged to borrow nearly $10,000,000 to meet the extraordinary expenses attendant upon the separation of their country from Holland, and its organization as a separate state. It is stated that the loan has been taken by the Messrs. Rothschilds.

The king of Holland still refuses to assent to the protocol agreed upon at London for the adjustment of the Belgian controversy. Disturbances had taken place in the province of Luxemburg, which, as the protocol stipulates, is to be divided between Holland and Belgium. This is expected to render the settlement of the Belgic question still more difficult.

The bill which the French ministry have projected for the abolition of the hereditary Peerage was under discussion in the Chamber of Peers at the last dates. The chief article of the bill was carried on the 27th by a vote of 103 to 67.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gen. Sebastiani, was dangerously ill, and unable to perform the duties of his office, which in consequence devolved upon M. Casimir Perier.

A great fire had taken place in Liverpool, by which property valued at $100,000 was destroyed.

Poetry. Mrs. Hemans's Poetry scarcely covers the expense of printing; Wordsworth's are not marketable, and Murray has in hand a poem of Crabbe's that he cannot venture to publish.

William Parratt, a sheriff's officer, was lately fully committed from Guildhall, London, on charge of attempting to kill his wife, from whom he had been separated, by cutting her throat.

[illegible] very sorry

At Eyam, Mr. R. Frost, aged 65, to Miss Margaret Morton aged 18. When, at the altar, the Minister came to that part of the ceremony where the ring is placed on the finger of the bride, the bridegroom seized her hand, in an ecstacy of joy, and exclaimed—"All is over now; no longer Peggy Morton, but Mrs. Frost!" *Sheffield Courant.*

Elopement. Mr. John London, a farmer, 49 years of age, recently occupied South Hayne estate, parish of Cheriton Fitzpaine, eloped last week with the wife of another farmer of the same parish, of the name of Brown. London has left a wife and three children behind, the eldest of whom is 18 years old; his guilty paramour is the mother of seven children, six of whom she has left behind, taking the seventh (an infant at the breast) with her. London rode away for the pretended purpose of paying his half year's rent, the consequence of not doing which was a sale under a distress for rent, which took place last Wednesday when the effects were sold by Mr. Baggage. The guilty parties, it is understood, have gone to Ireland. *Exeter Flying Post.*

Novel Duello.—A Paris paper relates as a fact, that two students in Berlin, having quarrelled, agreed to kiss the lips of a person mortally affected with the Cholera, and that the dispute should terminate with the death of either. Each of them kissed the lips of a man in the last stage of the disease, but neither dying within twenty-four hours afterwards, their "mutual friends," declared that they should be reconciled.

A curious case of somnolency occurred lately at Kingsbridge, last week; the servant of a draper, during sleep, leaped from the bedroom, a height of 15 feet, and was found taking her ramble unhurt, and wrapped in the counterpane of her bed.

A Tough One.—A marriage took place lately, in Ireland, between Wm. Huggard, aged 64 years, and Susan Thompson, aged 18. The bridegroom was sergeant-major of the 16th regiment. He was formerly on the West India station, and while there, *buried his entire regiment three times*, and acquired the appellation of the "Grave Digger."

Poor Michael Fulham, about sixty years since, fell dead at the door of the Dublin green room, a moment after leaving the stage from having been encored, in the song of "Je ne sçai quoi," in Dimond's operatic farce of Brother and Sister. At his funeral, an old Irishwoman, as she saw the body deposited in the grave, said "Ah! poor Mic, you've got your per *ticket* at last."

When General Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most miserably enacted, at a barn in Lancashire, he called one of the performers, and asked him what was the name of the piece. "The Stage Coach, sir," replied Buskin, bowing very respectfully. 'Why, then,' answered the General, returning the bow with the utmost gravity, 'you will greatly oblige me by giving me early notice the next time it is performed, that I may be an outside passenger.'

Don Pedro, the ex-emperor of the Brazils, and the Grand Duke of Baden, are said to be the most accomplished musicians in Europe. Both of these royal personages perform upon almost every musical instrument, and have composed several works which are extremely popular in the theatres on the continent.

Alexander Von Humboldt is about putting to press the closing volume of his stupendous work on the New World. The whole will form eight and twenty volumes with more than thirteen hundred copper plates. It will present a complete view of the Geography, Natural History, Meteorology, and past and present records of the immense regions which have been subjected to his researches.

Singular and Mysterious Discovery.—The body of a female elegantly dressed, was washed ashore on one of the Blasket Islands, Dingle Bay, on the 18th ult. She had on a silk gown, a gold chain round her neck, and had several valuable trinkets attached to other parts of her person. The most singular circumstance was that two pointer dogs were found fastened, one to each of the hands of the ill-fated lady. A wreck was perceived on the opposite side of the bay.

During the last spring months the plague entered Bagdad, a city of 80,000 inhabitants, and together with a frightful inundation, took off rising of 60,000 people. On the 1st of May, says a writer who escaped the contagion, the dead were laying about the streets unburied, and the dogs eating with avidity the loathsome food.

Mr. Whitehead, of Liverpool, recently obtained a verdict of £100 against the proprietors of the "Mercury," for having slanderously libelled him in that paper, by stating that the lady with whom he was living ostensibly as his wife, was, in reality, a kept mistress.

We have to record a very tragical occurrence in humble life this week. A family of the name of Carthy is located on a spot in the mountains, near Ardnacrusha. The father, after having a grown family by his first wife, married a second, which unfortunately was the cause of frequent bickerings between her and the first issue. One of these, a grown lad, suspected the step-mother had given information against his brother, a deserter from the 36th regiment, and went to the father's house on Wednesday evening, when he charged the step-mother with having done so, and from reproaches proceeded to blows. Her cries and appeal for help roused the father's passion; so that forgetting the obligation of a parent, in the more absorbing feeling of interest for his wife, he seized a large knife, which he plunged in the body of his ill-fated son. The young man fell with a deep groan, and expired of the wound on Friday morning. When the son shrieked, his sister flew to his assistance; but the exasperated father, in the fury of the moment, drew the knife across the girl's neck and breast, mangling her in a frightful manner. The scene was truly shocking. The daughter is now under respectable medical care, and her recovery is expected. The father and wife have surrendered themselves into the hands of the authorities.—*Limerick (Ireland) Chron.*

A case of breach of promise of marriage was lately tried at Stafford, England—both parties being over 60 years old: verdict for the plaintiff one shilling!

Singular Marriage.—A frail old woman in Calton, aged 75, was on Monday married to a young man, belonging to the same burgh, who has scarcely emerged from his teens. In their courtship, it appears that the widow, who is possessed of ample means, favoured her youthful wooer with £6, to furnish a suit of clothes for the wedding; but having taken some distaste to the match, on its near approach, he decamped, leaving the bride disconsolate. She was not however to be trifled with; and without delay set off through the country, in search of her betrothed husband, taking his sister along with her to use her influence in wiling him back. The chase was unsuccessful, but the bridegroom at last returned of his own accord, after punishing the sum intended for his wedding suit; and had no sooner appeared, than negotiations were set on foot to induce him quietly to fulfil his promise of marriage, which he finally complied with, and on Monday took her to Paisley, where the ceremony was performed, accompanied with the gratifying information that she would make him the sole heir to her property.

Thomas Beveridge was recently indicted before the High Court of Justiciary for the murder of his wife. The evidence was entirely circumstantial but clear and convincing. It appeared that the deceased had been much addicted to intemperance, and that in consequence she and her husband lived very uncomfortably, the neighbours bearing witness that cries and screams were not unfrequently heard issuing from their dwelling. On the night on which the murder was committed, (Sunday 2d Oct.) cries of murder were heard, but, as usual were unattended to, on account of their frequency. Beveridge was seen looking out of his window a little before the cries, and coming out of the house a little after them. In a short time an acquaintance of Mrs. Beveridge's knocked at the door, but got no answer. She looked through the key hole and saw the deceased lying on the floor. She called again upon which the deceased crawled towards the door, lifted the latch, and then fell down behind it. Witness enquired who had done that to her; she answered "you need not ask that"—There was not much blood about her face, but her head and breast were bloody, and there was blood and water on the floor. She was set upon a chair but never spoke more. The declaration of the prisoner was that being drunk she had fallen over the fender and cut herself; but the surgeons who attended her stated that a fall could not account for the appearance of the body. They had also taken the precaution to secure a poker, tongs and knife, which were found lying on the floor covered with blood. Blood was also found on the clothes of the prisoner when apprehended that night in a public house in Carubber's close. He was unanimously found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged along with Gow on the 2d Dec.

Government have granted a further sum of £6000 for completing the College buildings at Edinburgh.

Touching the Pocket.—At a meeting held in the west of England, for the purpose of organizing a *Political Union*, every thing went on swimmingly, till it occurred to the "wire pullers" to hand round the hat, for the purpose of obtaining the wherewith to defray contingent expenses. At the sight of the contribution box the *unity* of the meeting was entirely destroyed, and shrunk away in independent fractions, leaving Mr. Chairman, and a few promoters, to pay the piper. How very natural!

A member of parliament applied to the post office, to know why some of his franks had been *charged?* The answer was, "We supposed, sir, they were not your writing. The *hand* is not the *same.*" "Why, not *precisely* the *same*; but the truth is, I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then, sir, will you be so good in future, as to write *drunk*, when you make *free.*"

Loss of the Sultan.—An article from Trieste, in a Hamburg paper, gives the following account of the destruction of the Sultan, Capt. Ilsley.—"The accident arose from the circumstance of two sailors tapping a hogshead of rum (during the absence of the master and mate on shore) which took fire and burst. This was at 5 P. M. and the hull went down at 11. She might have been saved, if according to the advice of several captains she had been scuttled, and could have been raised at little expense. The harbor master, however would not admit of this, except the American Captain was present. Finally it was attempted to sink her, by firing into her, but the metal was not large enough. If fortunately, there had not been a complete calm, the whole line of vessels would have been in the greatest danger."

Shoemaking by Machinery.—It is not generally known, but we understand it to be an absolute fact, that Shoes are manufactured in Deptford, England by Machinery; and that the government refuses to permit its being further used on account of its throwing the great body of persons belonging to that business out of employment. This makes Forty kinds of Business in which machinery has been introduced. England finds it necessary to check Machinery.—*Old Countryman.*

The Captain of a privateer writing to his owners an account of an engagement, for the satisfaction of them on the general safety of his crew, having had one of his *hands* shot through the *nose.*

Original Articles.

GENIUS.

Few errors have more generally obtained than that of the innateness of genius; none, we may say, has a more direct tendency to repress the generous ambition of the student, whether in literature or the arts. It has hushed the aspirations and withered the feelings of many a "soul sublime." Mankind are accustomed to think and speak of intellectual superiority as a gift of nature, and existing as inherently in some men as sweetness in the rose, or colors in the sun's rays. We hear them speak of one man as having been born a poet, another a painter; of this one as gifted with a genius for the mathematics; of that one, for invention in the mechanic arts. We believe this doctrine to be erroneous; an error that has originated, probably in the lazy ignorance of those who, with sufficient discernment to discover and wonder at the attainments of others, have had neither the energy nor the ambition to attempt any thing themselves. Those who aspire after literary or scientific distinction must not imagine that genius is the spontaneous product of the intellectual soil; and that time alone, without the aid of diligent study and reflection, will raise them to that rank in the scale of intellectual excellence to which it is their duty, as it will be their glory, to attain. The operations in the mental world, as in the physical, are progressive. Intelligence has its twilight, and knowledge its infancy. If some men excel, it is to be attributed to an exalted ambition, persevering application to study, and continued reflection, rather than to any partiality of nature.

"Nature, impartial in munificence,
Has gifted man with all-subduing will.
Matter, with all its transitory shapes,
Lies subjected and plastic at his feet,
That, weak from bondage, tremble as they tread.
How many a rustic Milton has pass'd by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compell'd
His energies, no longer tameless there,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity
Were only specks of tinsel, fixed in heaven
To light the midnight of his native town."

If what is called genius were an intuitive principle, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to account for the slowness of improvement in the condition of our species. Were the human mind constituted as this doctrine supposes, we would naturally expect to find the arts and sciences as ancient as itself, and universally prevailing in almost equal degrees of perfection. But history and the present state of the world are conclusive on this point. Not only have mankind emerged by imperceptible movements out of ignorance and barbarism, but some divisions of them far outstrip the others in the race of knowledge and refinement. We behold nations which once were almost the sole repositories of knowledge, reverting again to a state of mental and physical degradation; while, on the other hand, we see others rising above the political horizon, and taking their places in the constellation of nations, with new accessions of glory. Where are Greece and Rome, with their poets, orators, historians, and statesmen? Had they left no monuments of their power, no effort of their genius—had we to judge of the Greeks and Romans of antiquity by the Greeks and Romans of the present day, the story of their greatness would have been placed among the inventions of fable. Their examples are sufficient to show that genius may be acquired and lost—that it falls with the liberties of man, or perishes in the corruption of manners.

We would not, however, have it understood, in what has been said, that we believe all men to have equally strong and capacious intellects. But, allowing for the accidental differences in the capacities of men, arising from the greater or less perfection of the animal system, we do think that nature has put our mental powers on a footing of general equality. Intellectual vigor, we believe, is no more to be considered as inherited from nature—as the birthright of the few—than bodily activity or strength. With a few exceptions, they are both the result of an early, continued, and properly directed exercise of their respective functions. We all know that indolence will enervate the body; it is no less true that mental inactivity will have a like influence upon the mind.

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New York.

Mr. Editor.—Happening in at a porter-house the other evening, I witnessed the following

KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT

Jonathan Gilfillin, from Connecticut, meets his old friend and play-mate, Jack Ropesend, after an absence at sea of four years.

Jonathan. By gosh! may I believe my eyes; if here aint Jack Ropes, then I'll be darned to darnation.

Jack. Hillo, there, now you lubber; what north-easter has blown you alongside here so luckily to-night? But never mind, pon honor, I'm glad to see ye. Come walk up here, old messmate, and let's take a pull at this grog, and then we'll take a set down, and haul over old affairs.

Jon. Well, Jack, seein' it's you, I don't care as how I do; but you talk so tarnation droll, just kase you've been sailin' that I can't hardly understand you; but by gosh, if you want to take a swig o' rum with me, by thunder, I'm your chap. [Here they both pour out and gulp down a gill each of the real New England stingo.]

Jack. (Seating himself on a bench.) Well, you lubber, come alongside here, and let's see whether you know the lubber's hole from the hole we used to climb up into the hay-mow.

Jon. I can't say as how I do, but one thing I've larnt, and that is, I'll bet you this ere watch agin your bull's-eye there, that ere cat has got three tails, if you dare.

Jack. Agreed, my jewel: now I have you. Here, landlord, hold the stakes.

Jon. Well, Jack, *no cat has got two tails:* ar'nt that so?

Jack. True.

Jon. Well, that 'ere cat has got one tail more than no cat? So one and two are three.

Jack. Yes, but show me the three tails, you lubber.

Jon. Ah ha! my short chap, that's another bargain; if you want the tails you must find 'em yourself. I've proved she had 'em, so landlord give me my watch and I'll be off. Good night to you, Jack.

J[ack] being utterly confounded at Jonathan's logic, took another swig at the bottle, and leisurely walked away.

For the Spirit of the Times and Life in New York.

"DOMESTIC HAPPINESS PORTRAYED."

Messrs. Editors,—Curiosity led me to procure a copy of a new work under the above title, lately published by Mr. [illegible], 53 Fulton street. Although for a long time I have been inclined towards that gloomy state, *celibacy*—yet, in perusing the contents of this valuable book, I almost changed my mind *instanter*. It is not my present intention to review, criticise, or even *puff* the work. I will merely say that I was interested in its perusal, and have seldom found such fine writing, from so many authors at so low a price, as in this. It contains the cream of Addison, Johnson, Steele, and other writers of equal eminence, besides several original and beautiful essays from the pens of American authors and authoresses, on the subject of Domestic Happiness.

"the only bliss
"Of Paradise that has survived the Fall."

The work is principally designed for "those who are, or are about to be, married," but it may be useful to those who are *not*, nor *never intend* to be, united in the holy bands of wedlock. D.

A Dog in need is a Friend Indeed.—An industrious wagoner, residing in Hempstead, L. I. whom it was known had saved a considerable sum of money, came to this city a few days since in the regular way of business, leaving his wife and child at home, with no other guardian than a great dog. About twelve o'clock on the first night of his absence, his little family were aroused by a low growling of the mastiff, which the wife kept in the same room with herself; rising up, to quiet him, she thought she perceived some one at or in the window, giving the word to her canine protector, he sprung, and himself and the object 'bolted' through the casement. In the morning the dog was found seated over a strapping colored man, who was stretched dead at his feet. Thus was an amiable woman, and an infant rescued from probable outrage and murder, and the husband's hard earnings from the clutches of the robber.

Winchester, Va. Jan. 25.—Two young men—one of them named John Wesley Dowdle and the other Joshua Young—were apprehended and committed to prison in this place, on Saturday evening last, under the following circumstances—They arrived in this place several days before their apprehension, and passed under the assumed names of Potter and Wilson, the names of [illegible]. They were well supplied with money, which they were spending freely in the purchase of wearing apparel, watches, &c. and in the hire of gigs and horses, with which they made occasional excursions into the country. Their conduct had already attracted suspicion towards them, when a young mechanic, who had his eye upon them found in the Globe an advertisement of the United States' penitentiary at Washington, dated Jan. 11th, offering a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension of "Joshua Hobbs, alias John Wesly Dowdle, and Joshua Young, two convicts who made their escape from that prison the preceding morning." The persons of Wilson and Porter, as they called themselves, so exactly corresponded with the description of Dowdle and Young given in the advertisement, that they were arrested and carried before a justice by whom they were committed to prison. On their examination before the magistrate, they were found well supplied with dirks, pistols, &c. and in possession of $555 in money, nearly all of which was in $100 and $50 dollar bills on the bank of the United States, a circumstance which leads strongly to the belief that they are the same villains who committed a robbery on the western stage, between Hagerstown and Hancock on Thursday night last, by which one of the passengers, a gentleman from [illegible], lost his trunk, containing [illegible] the balance chiefly [illegible] the same bank. The robbery was effected by cutting the trunk from the boot of the stage.—[illegible]

An Earthquake.—We had little idea that within the limits of this state, an earthquake had been felt no longer ago than last Sunday week. The Ogdensburg Republican, received this morning, says—"The shock of an earthquake was felt at this place on Sunday evening last, at about half past 11 o'clock. Houses were shaken so much as to awaken many from sleep, and the trembling motion of every thing was plainly perceptible to every person awake. The rattling of stoves, crockery and windows, with the vibration of every thing moveable, together with the rumbling thunder underneath the surface of the earth, was distinctly witnessed by all who had not retired to sleep. There were three distinct shocks, the second being the most violent, at intervals of about half a minute, and the rumbling noise continued two or three minutes."

This is confirmed by the Montreal Courant, which observes: "A slight shock of an earthquake was felt in this city on Sunday night last, between 11 and 12 o'clock. The motion resembled the shaking of a steamboat whose machinery agitates her much—it continued for about four seconds, and was accompanied with an indistinct noise."

Messrs. Singleton & Mezick [?], enterprising merchants of Baltimore, [illegible] between that port and New Orleans. Several [illegible]

A Daring Robbery. On the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 24th, about 7 o'clock, a Mr. Wm. Ferrer, a stranger in Philadelphia, was knocked down and robbed of his gold watch, chain, seal and key, and twenty dollars in money. The circumstances are as follows: Mr. Ferrer stepped into Mr. Peter Gallin's, corner of Fourth and Shippen streets, to get something to drink; while there, he discovered something, as he states, not right, and asked the person in the bar if he would protect him. He answered that he could not, when a person stepped up to Mr. Ferrer, saying 'I live near you, and will see you home;' but instead of seeing him home, he led him to some place on the commons and there his pretended friend and another person knocked him down, robbed him, and nearly murdered him. They then made off with his watch and money. After a while, Mr. Ferrer got up and proceeded to a house in which he perceived a light, where a woman put him on his way home, and on making the circumstances known to his friends, they immediately called on Mr. Manderfield, Police Officer of the district of Southwark, who, with his usual promptitude and vigilance, with the aid of the friends of Mr. Ferrer and Justice Black, soon brought to Justice Black's Office one of the robbers, who, after an examination was committed to prison to await his trial.—*Sentinel.*

A Good one.—A person who lately died in this place, and was known to be worth 20 or 30,000 dollars, had some three years ago deposited in the York Bank a sheet iron box, which, from its weight and size, was supposed to contain gold. The friends of the deceased, upon looking for a will which it was supposed he had left, could find none at the house, and despatched a couple of gentlemen to the bank, supposing it might be in the aforesaid box. The cashier produced the box with some ceremony, remarking that he was responsible for it, and would not give it up but to persons clothed with proper authority; but as those who came had the key, he would suffer them to look for the will. It was opened, and first appeared some old Deeds on the top,—afterwards a few newspapers and finally sundry *brick bats*, nicely rolled in paper, occupied the remaining space. Not a copper was found. The cashier felt it to be a *hoax*, and the visitors were convulsed with laughter. "Well," said the former, "I have been taking special care of this box for three years past, and now it's all brick-bats!"—*Republican.*

The young men of Plymouth (Mass.) have had a meeting, and resolved to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Washington, by an oration, public dinner, and ball. Meetings for the same purpose have been held in several states.

The extensive works of the Roxbury Color Chemical Company, took fire on Monday evening last, and were considerably damaged. The loss is estimated at $1400. The works were insured.

Hydrophobia.—Mr. John Jackson of Rockaway county, Ohio, was bitten by his dog in October last, and was seized with hydrophobia on the 27th ult. He lay in violent agony thirty hours, when he expired.

Lady's Pocket Book.—It is stated in one of the morning papers, that a pocket book, *containing forty five dollars and a parcel of wearing apparel*, was stolen from 167 Washington street on Tuesday night.

Distressing Accident.—Mr. Robert M'Loughlin, of Zanesville, Ohio, was killed at the Steam Paper Mill above that town, on the 18th inst. His feet, by some accident became entangled in the gearing, and he was drawn up between the drum and ceiling with such force as to cause his death in a very few minutes. He left a widow and several children to mourn his untimely end.

Another.—A young man named James Marden, of Wolfborough, N. H. had his foot entirely severed from his leg by the falling of a tree which he was engaged in cutting down.—He was not aware of having received the injury, until he saw the wound, so suddenly was it inflicted.

The Anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated in this city on Monday, as usual.

Accident.—The Philadelphia Chronicle states that a man by the name of Elijah Cook was thrown from a wagon on the Second street road, on the 17th inst. and killed. He was a native of Massachusetts, and had been employed for some years in Mr. McCallmont's manufactory at Centreville, Pa.

Breaking into a Jail.—Instances frequently occur of prisoners breaking *out* of jail, but we seldom hear of such an event as the following, from the Louisville Focus:—

"The jail of this county was *entered* last night with false keys by the aid of some person or persons from without, and six prisoners escaped, for the apprehension of whom $80 is offered."

The Newburyport Murder.—In answer to some complaints of the citizens of Newburyport against the selectmen, for omitting to offer a reward for the apprehension of the murderer of Mr. Page, the Newburyport Advertiser has the following remarks, from which we infer that developments have been made to the authorities fixing the murder on Herrick, the person whose arrest was noticed in our last:

"We cannot, in justice to the person charged, state the facts in the case; but we may be permitted to say, that such facts were early ascertained, that the selectmen saw no cause for offering a reward. Great credit is due to the board of selectmen for the prompt, vigorous and efficient measures already taken and still pursued by them, to fasten the crime upon the criminal."

Meadville, Pa. Jan. 21.

Beauties of Litigation. A cause was decided at the adjourned court held here this week involving the value of a sow and eight pigs in which ten dollars damages were recovered, while the costs amounted to considerably more than $100. This was literally 'bringing pigs to a bad market.'

A gentleman meeting an acquaintance, whom he had not seen for some time, while expressing his surprise at his absence, he happened to espy a spot of grease upon his coat. The other informed his friend that he had been travelling. Oh, rejoined the first, you have been to grease (Greece) I perceive, pointing to the spot. The other, to humor the pun, observed that he went a great way for his wit; no, truly, says he, I found it on the *spot.*

The Northampton Courier states that an industrious miller in that town lately received an anonymous letter containing a $10 note, requesting him to consider it his lawful property; he is not aware of having been defrauded of that amount.

Mr. Jacob Walters, of Pike county, Pa. was killed a few days since by the accidental discharge of a rifle. His brother, Michael Walters, was also much injured, but is now in a fair way of recovery.

Hydrophobia. The Huntingdon Pa. Gazette says: "We learn with regret that Mr. Jacob Confer, of Frankstown settlement, died of hydrophobia on Friday night last. He had been bitten by his own dog, about three months ago, but had then no idea that the animal was mad. On Thursday last Mr. Confer was apparently in good health, that night the first symptoms of the dread disease appeared, and in less than thirty hours he was a corpse."

The Philadelphia Chronicle says that a mad dog was lately killed near Bellefonte, in Centre county, Pa.

It is stated in a late Catskill Messenger that in opening a road through a snow drift, a sheep was found buried under the snow, still alive, in which situation it must have been twenty-one days without any thing to eat. Upon being released, it trotted off without any apparent feebleness, and commenced browsing.

A desperate individual, who was arrested in New Orleans on a charge of stealing silks worth $1000, on the 15th inst. shot himself in the head the instant he was captured. He fired at the officer who arrested him, but luckily without effect. On the evening of the same day the criminal still lived.

The premium of one hundred dollars some time since offered by the publishers of the Albany Literary Gazette for the best tale by an American writer, to be forwarded in competition by the first of January, has been awarded to Willis G. Clark, of Philadelphia, for a story entitled 'Retribution.' The prize poem, for which a premium has been awarded by the publishers is entitled the 'Western Emigrant,'—its author is Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn.

Police Reports.

NEW-YORK.

During the last year there were convicted at the New-York Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Sessions, 325 person for various crimes. Among these we observe one conviction for murder in the first degree, one for manslaughter in the second degree, nineteen for forgery, one for bigamy, one for kidnapping, one for cruelty to animals, twenty nine for keeping disorderly houses, and one hundred and eleven for assault and battery.

Attempted Rescue.—On Saturday evening, Mr. Sparks, one of the Police Officers, went to a house in Anthony near Elm st. to arrest a person on a charge of larceny. The officer found a stolen vest on the fellow for whom he was in search, and immediately arrested him; two or three others instantly rushed into the house, and violently assaulted Mr. Sparks; the thief first arrested ran out of the house, but was pursued and again seized, and some of the watchmen who were informed of the circumstances, arrived, and succeeded in capturing two of the fellows who attempted to effect the rescue.

Ring Selling.—On Saturday a vagrant ring seller went into a house in Orange street to sell a "gold diamond ring" to a parcel of colored females whom he observed inside. They took one of the rings to examine it, and handed it about from one to another, until the vender of jewelry became entirely unable to tell which had it. He consequently threatened to call in the aid of the Police for its recovery; upon which one of the females threw a handful of flour in his face, while another sprinkled this with water, and a third threw on a second layer of flour, and in this plight drove him into the street, to the great amusement of a crowd of vagrant urchins. He called on one of the constables, but was unable to identify either the person who took his ring, or those who assailed him.

Sunday, Jan. 29. A fine black cloak was stolen from St. George's Church, Beekman street.

Monday, Jan. 30. A quantity of wearing apparel was stolen from No. 88 White street; also a quantity of silver plate from No. 35 McDougal street, and nine silver spoons from 146 Bleecker street.

Wednesday, Feb. 1. A chest of tea was stolen from 163 Front street.

PHILADELPHIA.

Monday—*Disappointment*—There is scarce any thing in this world that will sooner sour the disposition of some people, and turn their small portion of milk of human kindness into gall, than a series of disappointments, however trivial their importance; and perhaps nothing on earth contributes more frequently to cause disappointments than the *promises* of tradesman and women.

On Saturday evening, a lady popped into a millenary in Arch street, smiling all over her face, and bidding "good evening" to the lady of the house, exclaimed, "if you please ma'am, I'll take my Dunstable that you promised to have done for me by to night; being as I am invited to dine out to-morrow, I thought I would call for it myself, so that there could be no mistake in getting it. You know the one; it was to be whitened and trimmed with pink."

Milliner.—Yes—I—that is—I am sorry to tell thee so, but it is not yet finished.

Lady.—Not yet finished!

M.—No, ma'am, I could not get it done.

L.—Well I must have it at all events.

M.—Thee cannot get it to night, but thee shall have it next week.

L.—Next week won't do; besides you told me that last Saturday night, and I must have my bonnet to-night.

M.—Well, but I tell thee it isn't finished.

L.—Finished or not finished, I'll have it, I don't come a half a mile to-night to be disappointed again neither; you've told me this story too often so out with it.

M.—(In an under tone.)—My good lady, do not talk so loud, for it is impossible to get thy bonnet to-night, for it is in the bleach house yet, and is not near white.

L.—White or black, have it I will, or I'll raise a mob around your very doors.

M.—Thee is doing that already. Don't I tell thee it is locked up in the bleach-house.

L.—(Stamping her foot violently, and raising her voice)—I don't care if it is locked up in the *watch-house.*

M. Well I think it's a chance if thee is not locked up there, if thee does not go away quietly.

And stepping aside, she gave orders for a constable to be procured; who forthwith appeared and jointly requested both to step to a magistrate's office, where a compromise was advised, but the woman would have nothing short of her bonnet; and the magistrate ordered the milliner to give her the bonnet, and make her charge, which the lady was obliged to pay, together with the costs.

A Bad Bargain. About dusk on Friday evening last, a fellow of respectable dress and appearance, accosted a farmer in Second street, near Market, by asking if he had potatoes to sell. The farmer answered that he had several bushels in his wagon yet unsold. His interrogator remarked that he wished to purchase, and would be pleased to examine the quality of the article. The farmer replied that he would open a bag, and show the potatoes. He entered his wagon for this purpose, followed by his new customer. While stooping down to untie a bag, the man who had followed him made a sudden pounce on the unsuspecting farmer, and succeeded in extricating his pocket-book from his over-coat side pocket, with which he made off. Another farmer, in an adjoining wagon, saw the movement, and made after him. After a spirited chase down Second street, he succeeded, at the corner of Chestnut, in getting close enough to the thief, to seize hold of his dress.—The thief, feeling the grip, loosened his cloak, and being now disentangled, and enabled to move with greater expedition, made good his escape.

In a moment, the farmer who had been robbed was on the spot. He said it was scarcely necessary to pursue the fellow further, as the cloak was worth more than the pocket-book, which did not contain a single farthing! He took possession of the cloak—one of excellent quality—and will retain it until called for by the rightful owner. As he walked off with his booty, he coolly remarked that he was "ready to drive such a trade as that any day."—*Phil. Post.*

Quite a Miss.—A gentleman, while standing in the theatre among a crowd, last evening, conceited or really did feel something busied at his hang-up, some where about the region of the pockets, in an inside one of which his pocket book was placed.—At the time he felt it his attention was much taken towards the play, and merely clapping his hand on the place disturbed, forgot the circumstance till his arrival at his hotel, when upon examination his hang-up was found to be cut entirely through, and the pocket book bare, but *safe*, which contained twenty-five hundred dollars, and a check for a large amount.

The gentleman arrived in the city on business, late in the evening.

A gentleman a visitor from the sister city of New-York, was found by one of the watch on Saturday night, lying in the gutter, near the corner of Second and Market streets, which situation he had attained by some winding or *sinuous* course of proceeding, which made him a most troublesome subject for the discussion of the board of watchmen; he kicked, and scrambled and hollowed, and bit and scratched, every thing within his reach, till it was found absolutely necessary to put the screws, *alias* hand-cuffs, upon him, in which predicament they were obliged to keep him till this morning; and when loosened to be transferred to the office, he managed to give the watch the slip, and started for life, rather for *liberty*; but not knowing the locations of our public buildings sufficiently well to avoid the obnoxious, he took the direct road to the Mayor's office, and by the time he was overtaken, he was within a few rods of the goal for which he was, though against his will, destined. He had cut his head very badly in falling against the curb stone. Having produced highly respectable references, and the Mayor considering that he had been pretty effectually punished by his incarceration, he was discharged.

Thirteen of the persons who served in the late Virginia convention have since died.

The Beaver Republican states that Charles M Gottengen, a young man twenty one years of age, was accidentally drowned in that neighborhood, on Saturday week.

Saturday Morning, February 4, 1832.

CHOLERA vs. TOBACCO.

The opinion has been gravely advanced in some of the European Journals, that a free use of Tobacco is an antidote to the Cholera, particularly in chewing and smoking. This opinion has produced, as might have been expected, a great sensation, pervading all classes, from the sooty sweep to the scented buck. Many who could not, and even would not be persuaded of its usefulness, much less of its gentility, are now to be seen, slunk away in a sly corner, puffing away as lustily as if their very lips were at stake.

We are credibly informed that not only the *canaille* in multitudes, but even a number of *exquisites* of the "first water," have fallen so desperately in love with the cigars and "Mapes' real," that the gentlemen furnishing these articles find great difficulty in keeping a sufficient supply. Yes,

Many now puff, who never puff'd before,
And those who always puff'd, now puff the more.

What effect this great consumption will have upon the Tariff, we have not yet ascertained; we learn that in the "Prices Current," the price of the *raw* material, is considerably enhanced. Even our colored gentry have almost in a body seen fit to

"Take up the wondrous tale,"

and not content with chewing the "raal Viginna," have called for "long nines," the improvident wretches and "Lorrillard's best," without heeding the expense.

It has at length been ascertained, tho' shrewdly suspected before, that a select coterie of young ladies of the *haut ton*, by and with the advice and consent of the last appointed "Lady Patroness," are concerting measures to form a Club, to meet on two evenings in the week, for the present, for the purpose of better considering and maturing their plans, and also for concentrating their influence to get up a new society, yclept the

"*Exclusive Anti-Cholera-Morbus-Society.*"

The Constitution we have not room for this week, neither for the names of the officers, regulations, etc. though we may present them hereafter. We would merely state, to gratify the excited curiosity of our friends, that its officers and members are to be *ex-chewers* of any of the rich vulgar, and are selected from among those only who can smoke two cigars at a sitting, "use up" a fig of "pig-tail" or "ladies twist," between meetings, and snuff an "ounce box" of "Riell's genuine," each week, during the present Cholera excitement.

Numerous affecting, as well as laughable anecdotes might be unfolded to view of the consequences of this new measure, but we forbear. It will to the "knowing ones" however, account for the breaking off of three "splendid matches" within the last ten days, in our first circles: one of the gentlemen declaring with a wicked word or two, that his intended's odoriferous breath greeted his olfactories too much like that of a boot-black's—or rather like that of a certain gentleman about town, well known lately in the fashionable world, who figured so conspicuously a few weeks since in the dress circle of the Park Theatre, and who was completely "blown" and "cut" as decidedly vulgar, on account of his partiality to that article of Mrs. Miller's manufacture.

We intend keeping our readers informed of the progress of these "new-fangled doctrines," and of the "noxious weed" in gaining favor among our fashionables.

BIRTH DAY OF WASHINGTON.

We take great pleasure in perceiving on all sides of us active preparations making to celebrate the coming 22d of February. We have ever thought favorably of national festivals, regarding them as calculated to foster and strengthen patriotic feelings and as appropriate in a country under a government like our own. And we know of no day, if we except that from which we date our independence, the anniversary of which is more worthy of becoming the occasion of such a festival than the birthday of our Washington. The sentiments cherished by the people of these States towards "the father of his country" present us a picture striking and grand. Other men have lived, and yet live in the memory of their countrymen admired for their genius, or loved for their virtues.—Others there have been, who have secured for themselves a splendid immortality by connecting their names inseparably with some great national triumph. But where shall we look for another like Washington, unsurpassed alike in greatness and goodness—whose history is the history of the foundation and secure establishment of the liberty of a mighty people, in honor of whom a nation of more than twelve millions of freemen, however divided by party and sectional interests, is perfectly united in the acknowledgements of its obligations and in the expression of its gratitude.

There is something to us in such a spectacle exceedingly imposing, and as unusual as it is grand. And such a one will this country present on the 22d inst. We intended to have said something of the influence our revolution (of which Washington was the soul) in hastening on the crisis so plainly perceptible in the affairs of Europe, and to have alluded to the propriety of a great political celebration among us in view of this crisis; but we have already said enough, and two much we fear, for the patience of our readers. Suffice it that in almost every state and city, arrangements have been made for the coming centennial anniversary, to distinguish the occasion with unusual ceremonies. We trust our city will not be found wanting.

Skating. We understand the lovers of this truly healthful and agreeable sport, are enjoying fine times on the Cedar Creek, between Avenue D and Third Avenue, which has lately been covered with a beautiful sheet of polished ice, by that real lover of Skating and cold fingers—Jack Frost. Broken heads and frozen ears are "all the go," just at present;—still no amusement is more heartily entered into notwithstanding.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," advances the opinion that the introduction of Skating, arose rather from necessity, than the desire of amusement.

We cannot by any means ascertain at what time skating made its first appearance in England, but we find some traces of such an exercise in the thirteenth century, at which period, according to Fitz Stephen, it was customary in the winter, when the ice would bear them, for the young citizens of London to fasten the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet by tying them round their ancles, and then taking a pole, shod with iron, into their hands, they pushed themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and moved with a celerity equal, says the author, to a bird flying through the air, or an arrow from a cross-bow; but some allowance, we presume, must be made for the poetical figure: he then adds, "at times, two of them, thus furnished, agree to start opposite to one another, at a great distance; they meet, elevate their poles, attack, and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and, even after their fall, are carried a great distance from each other, by the rapidity of the motion, and whatever part of the head comes upon the ice, is sure to be laid bare."

The wooden skates, shod with iron or steel, which are bound about the feet and ancles like the talares of the Greeks and Romans, were most probably brought into England from the Low Countries, where they are said to have originated, and where it is well known they are almost universally used by persons of both sexes, when the season permits.

Some modern writers have asserted, that "the metropolis of Scotland has produced more instances of elegant skaters than perhaps any other country whatever, and the institution of a Skating Club, about forty years ago, has contributed not a little to the improvement of this amusement."

On one occasion, says a writer in a Philadelphia periodical, four gentlemen danced, if we may be allowed the expression, a *double minuet* in skates with as much ease, and more elegance, than in a ball room. We will lay a bottle of champaigne against a hen's egg, that in our good city of Gotham, we can produce a number of skaters, in comparison with whose performances, those spoken of before, although "pretty hard colts," would not be "a priming."

Bachelor's Ball.—We received from a correspondent an article on this interesting affair, (to the ladies) to take place next week, with which we had intended to grace this number; but in a private note since received, he begs we will insert the following, of Mr. Mumford's, as he has been superseded. Though not entirely agreeing with our correspondent, in this respect, yet, as it is his wish, we insert it, with the hope that he will be more in season hereafter. The article before us is written in Mr. M.'s happiest style, and in a fine vein of humor throughout.

The staid and sober members of the Bachelor's Club have valiantly resolved to make one more grand effort to propitiate St. Valentine, by celebrating his festal day. Wearied at fruitless striving for a share in heaven's best gift to man, they have for some time past abandoned the annual ball, which constituted their stated offering at the shrine of beauty. But the comforts of former members who have become benedict, and the enhancement of single wretchedness by the late severe weather, have spurred the courage of the Primrose to a desperate exertion, and now a high emprise will be essayed. If ladies' hearts are made of penetrable stuff, and if the incidents of the ball-room can move them—the brilliant and dazzling lights—the rich, sweet, soul-awakening music—the graceful, gay cotillion, the thrilling, entrancing waltz—the dresses, and the flowers, and the plumes, and the *occasion*—if all these can melt them to smile on bachelors, then middle-aged hands and well seasoned hearts will not be offered in vain. And offered they will pretty certainly be—many of them at least—for the bachelors trust, and justly, for the inspiration of courage to *put the question*, to the enchantments of the scene—the exhilarating wines, "the many twinkling feet," the eyes with beauty beaming, and the improvement for the occasion of their own great natural charms. Many "offers" will be made between the ball-room and the carriage, and one shrewd and vivacious friend of ours, a hale and rather portly small man, only forty-seven, has consulted us on his design to throw himself at the feet of a certain fair one directly after her waltzing with a certain person who is known to be engaged to another. We congratulate the gentlemen bachelors on their gallant enterprise, and sincerely wish they may succeed in their most laudable design.—There is one maxim we would impress on these adventurers—be sure to choose one younger than yourself. If old maids and old bachelors *are* like *halves of scissors*, as is said, the union of two such would be sure to cut off all hopes of—domestic happiness. The ball is to transcend all that have gone before in splendor and effect; Master Jennings hath promised to excel his usual excellence in the decorations of the *grand salon*, the supper, the wines, the music, and all; and the managing committee are to be particularly attentive and agreeable. The ladies of course will understand, and without any special design will appear in their neatest dresses and most killing smiles.

City Press—Gen. Santander.—A very brisk skirmishing has been going on for a considerable time past between a few leading papers in this city in relation to Gen. Santander. The conduct of this gentleman while in South America had been pretty severely censured in some prints always connected with an unqualified approval of that of Gen. Bolivar. These were immediately answered,—Bolivar condemned as a dangerous aspirant for monarchial power, and the proceedings of the tribunal that sent Santander an exile from his country, "*patria fines et dulcia arva*," pronounced iniquitous and unjust. Neither side wanted to compromise: from their actions they appeared to think the world was not large enough to contain the fame of both the soldiers—that of one must be hunted out.

"From words they almost came to blows," the interests of the *original principals* began to be dropped, and they talked of "bribery" and improper influences among *themselves*—each party "poised itself on its magnanimity," and snuffed up its nose at the other as "unworthy of notice." A few letters and appeals from Gen. Santander lately published, have we trust, hushed up the quarrel.

Bolivar has gone down to his grave. Let him rest in peace. Posterity will pass upon his merits and, we venture to predict in a manner not unfavorable to his fame. We hope it may be so with Santander. He soon will leave our country. A committee of gentlemen of the first respectability in our city, in a letter just published, have expressed unqualified approbation of his conduct, and in terms flattering to the General have anticipated much good to his country from his return to her, and invited him to a dinner previous to his departure. In an elegant reply, expressing great admiration for our country and its institutions, Santander has accepted their invitation and appointed Thursday next for the dinner.

A splendid ball is to be given in Albany on the anniversary of Washington's birth day. The Board of Managers consists of three of our state Senators, seven of our Assemblymen and twenty of the most respectable citizens of Albany.

in New-York.

Times and Life in New-York
ppening in at a porter-house
witnessed the following

OWN ARGUMENT.

from Connecticut, meets his
are, Jack Ropesend, after an
e years.

ah! may I b'lieve my eyes;
es, then I'll be darned to dar-

re, now you lubber; what
wn you alongside here so
but never mind, pon 'honor,
Come walk up here, old mess-
pull at this grog, and then
and haul over old affairs.
seein' it's you, I don't care as
talk so turnation droll, just
in' that I can't hardly under-
ah, if you want to take a swig
ander, I'm your chap. [Here
and gulp down a gill each of
d stingo.]
mself on a bench.] Well,
longside here, and let's see
he lubber's hole from the hole
into the hay-mow.
as how I do; but one thing
s, I'll bet you this ere watch
e there, that ere cat has got
s.
ay jewel; now I have you.
the stakes.
, no cat has got two tails;
'ere cat has got one tail more
e and two are three.
show me the three tails, you
y short chap; that's another
at the tails you must find 'em
sal she had 'em, so landlord,
and I'll be off. Good night
confounded at Jonathan's le-
g at the bottle, and leisurely

Times and Life in New-York.
APPINESS PORTRAYED."
—Curiosity led me to procure
k under the above title, lately
Hawkins Spalding, 53 Fulton
for a long time I have been in
gloomy state of [illegible]—yet,
tents of this valuable book, I
mind instanter. It is not my
review, criticise, or even puff
rely say that I was interested
have seldom found such fin-
ny authors, at so low a price.
tains the cream of Addison,
other writers of equal emi-
original and beautiful essays
merican authors and author-
t of Domestic Happiness,
"the only bliss
that has surviv'd the Fall."
incipally designed for "those
out to be, married;" but it may
who are not, nor never intend
holy bands of wedlock. D.

ED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—An
ner, residing in Hempstead, L.
[illegible]
ne to this city a few days since
of business, leaving his wife
with no other guardian than a
twelve o'clock on the first night
little family were aroused by a
he mastiff, which the wife kept
with herself; rising up, to quiet
he perceived some one at or in
ing the word to her canine pro-
and himself and the object
he casement. In the morning
sentinel over a strapping color-
stretched dead at his feet. Thus
woman, and an infant rescued
rage and murder, and the hus-
s from the clutches of the robber.

Va Jan. 25.—Two young men
ed John Wesley Dowdle and
Young—were apprehended, and
in this place, on Saturday
r the following circumstances:—
this place several days before
and passed under the assumed
al Wilson, the names of the fa-
s. They were well supplied
h they were spending freely in
aring apparel, watches, &c. and
and horses, with which they
cursions into the country. Their
aly attracted suspicion towards
ing mechanic, who had his eye
in the Globe an advertisement
tes' penitentiary at Washington,
offering a reward of fifty dollars
sion of "Joshua Hobbs, alias
ville, and Joshua Young," two
le their escape from that prison
[illegible]

A DARING ROBBERY. On the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 24th, about 7 o'clock, a Mr. Wm. Ferrer a stranger in Philadelphia, was knocked down and robbed of his gold watch, chain, seal and key, and twenty dollars in money. The circumstances are as follows: Mr. Ferrer stepped into Mr Peter Gallin's, corner of Fourth and Shippen streets, to get something to drink; while there, he discovered something, as he states, not right, and asked the person in the bar if he would protect him. He answered that he could not, when a person stepped up to Mr. Ferrer, saying 'I live near you, and will see you home;' but instead of seeing him home, he led him to some place on the commons, and there his pretended friend and another person knocked him down, robbed him, and nearly murdered him. They then made off with his watch and money. After a while, Mr. Ferrer got up and proceeded to a house in which he perceived a light, where a woman put him on his way home, and on making the circumstances known to his friends, they immediately called on Mr. Manderfield, Police Officer of the district of Southwark, who, with his usual promptitude and vigilance, with the aid of the friends of Mr. Ferrer and Justice Black, soon brought to Justice Black's Office one of the robbers, who, after an examination was committed to prison to await his trial.—*Sentinel.*

A GOOD ONE.—A person who lately died in this place, and was known to be worth 20 or 30,000 dollars, had some three years ago deposited in the York Bank a sheet iron box, which, from its weight and size, was supposed to contain gold. The friends of the deceased, upon looking for a will which it was supposed he had left, could find none at the house, and despatched a couple of gentlemen to the bank, supposing it might be in the aforesaid box. The cashier produced the box with some ceremony, remarking that he was responsible for it, and would not give it up but to persons clothed with proper authority; but as those who came had the key, he would suffer them to look for the will. It was opened, and first appeared some old Deeds on the top,—afterwards a few newspapers, and finally sundry *brick bats*, nicely rolled in paper, occupied the remaining space. Not a copper was found. The cashier felt it to be a *bore*, and the visitors were convulsed with laughter. "Well," said the former, "I have been taking special *care* of this box for *three years* past, and now it's all *brick bats*!"—*Republican.*

The young men of Plymouth (Mass.) have had a meeting, and resolved to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Washington, by an oration, public dinner, and ball. Meetings for the same purpose have been held in several states.

The extensive works of the Roxbury Color Chemical Company, took fire on Monday evening last, and were considerably damaged. The loss is estimated at $4,000. The works were insured.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. John Jackson of Rockaway county, Ohio, was bitten by his dog in October last, and was seized with hydrophobia on the 27th ult. He lay in violent agony thirty hours, when he expired.

LARGE POCKET BOOK.—It is stated in one of the morning papers, that a pocket book, *containing forty-five dollars and a parcel of wearing apparel*, was stolen from 107 Washington street, on Tuesday night.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—Mr. Robert M'Loughlin, of Zanesville, Ohio, was killed at the Steam Paper Mill above that town, on the 18th inst. His feet, by some accident became entangled in the gearing, and he was drawn up between the drum and ceiling with such force as to cause his death in a very few minutes. He left a widow and several children to mourn his untimely end.

ANOTHER.—A young man named James Marden, of Wolfborough, N. H. had his foot entirely severed from his leg by the falling of a tree which he was engaged in cutting down.—He was not aware of having received the injury, until he saw the wound, so suddenly was it inflicted.

The Anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated in this city on Monday, as usual.

ACCIDENT.—The Philadelphia Chronicle states that a man by the name of Elijah Cook was thrown from a wagon on the Second street road, on the 17th inst., and killed. He was a native of Massachusetts, and had been employed for some years in Mr. McC[illegible]mont's manufactory at Centreville, Pa.

BREAKING INTO A JAIL.—Instances frequently occur of prisoners breaking *out* of jail, but we seldom hear of such an event as the following, from the Louisville Focus:—

"The jail of this county was *entered* last night, with false keys by the aid of some person or persons from without, and six prisoners escaped, for the apprehension of whom $80 is offered.

THE NEWBURYPORT MURDER.—In answer to some complaints of the citizens of Newburyport against the selectmen, for omitting to offer a reward for the apprehension of the murderer of Mr. Page, the Newburyport Advertiser has the following remarks, from which we infer that developments have been made to the authorities fixing the murder on Herrick, the person whose arrest was noticed in our last.—

"We cannot, in justice to the person charged, state the facts in the case; but we may be permitted to say, that such facts were early ascertained, that the selectmen saw no cause for offering a reward. Great credit is due to the board of selectmen for the prompt, vigorous and efficient measures already taken and still pursued by them, to fasten the crime upon the criminal."

MEADVILLE, Pa. Jan. 24.

Beauties of Litigation. A cause was decided at the adjourned court held here this week involving the value of a sow and eight pigs, in which ten dollars damages were recovered, while the costs amounted to considerably more than $100. This was literally 'bringing pigs to a bad market.'

A gentlemen meeting an acquaintance, whom he had not seen for some time, while expressing his surprise at his absence, he happened to espy a spot of grease upon his coat. The other informed his friend that he had been travelling. Oh, rejoined the first, you have been to grease (Greece) I perceive, pointing to the spot. The other, to humor the pun, observed that he went a great way for his wit; no, truly, says he, I found it on the *spot*.

The Northampton Courier states that an industrious miller in that town lately received an anonymous letter containing a $10 note; requesting him to consider it his lawful property; he is not aware of having been defrauded of that amount.

Mr. Jacob Walters, of Pike county, Pa. was killed a few days since by the accidental discharge of a rifle. His brother, Michael Walters, was also much injured, but is now in a fair way of recovery.

HYDROPHOBIA. The Huntingdon Pa. Gazette says, "We learn with regret that Mr. Jacob Confer, of Frankstown settlement, died of hydrophobia on Friday night last. He had been bitten by his own dog, about three months ago, but had then no idea that the animal was mad. On Thursday last Mr Confer was apparently in good health, that night the first symptoms of the dreadful disease appeared, and in less than thirty hours he was a corpse."

The Philadelphia Chronicle says that a mad dog was lately killed near Bellefonte, in Centre county, Pa.

It is stated in a late Catskill Messenger that in opening a road through a snow drift, a sheep was found buried under the snow, still alive, in which situation it must have been twenty one days without any thing to eat. Upon being released, it trotted off without any apparent feebleness, and commenced browsing.

A desperate individual, who was arrested in New Orleans on a charge of stealing silks worth $1,000, on the 11th inst., shot himself in the head the instant he was captured. He fired at the officer who arrested him; but luckily without effect. On the evening of the same day the criminal still lived.

The premium of one hundred dollars some time since offered by the publishers of the Albany Literary Gazette for the best tale by an American writer, to be forwarded in competition by the first of January, has been awarded to Willis G. Clark of Philadelphia, for a story entitled "Retribution." The prize poem, for which a premium has been awarded by the publishers, is entitled the "Western Emigrant,"—its author is Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn.

Police Reports.

NEW-YORK.

During the last year there were convicted at the New-York Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Sessions, 325 person for various crimes. Among these we observe one conviction for murder in the first degree, one for manslaughter in the second degree, nineteen for forgery, one for bigamy, one for kidnapping, one for cruelty to animals, twenty nine for keeping disorderly houses, and one hundred and eleven for assault and battery.

ATTEMPTED RESCUE.—On Saturday evening, Mr. Sparks, one of the Police Officers, went to a house in Anthony near Elm st. to arrest a person on a charge of larceny. The officer found a stolen vest on the fellow for whom he was in search, and immediately arrested him; two or three others instantly rushed into the house, and violently assaulted Mr. Sparks; the thief first arrested ran out of the house, but was pursued and again seized, and some of the watchmen who were informed of the circumstances, arrived, and succeeded in capturing two of the fellows who attempted to effect the rescue.

Ring Selling.—On Saturday a vagrant ring seller went into a house in Orange street to sell a "gold diamond ring" to a parcel of colored females whom he observed inside. They took one of the rings to examine it, and handed it about from one to another, until the vender of jewelry became entirely unable to tell which had it. He consequently threatened to call in the aid of the Police for its recovery; upon which one of the females threw a handful of flour in his face, while another sprinkled this with water, and a third threw on a second layer of flour, and in this plight drove him into the street, to the great amusement of a crowd of vagrant urchins. He called on one of the constables, but was unable to identify either the person who took his ring, or those who assailed him.

SUNDAY, Jan. 29. A fine black cloak was stolen from St. George's Church, Beekman street.

MONDAY, Jan 30. A quantity of wearing apparel was stolen from No. 88 White street; also a quantity of silver plate from No. 35 McDougal street, and nine silver spoons from 116 Bleecker street.

WEDNESDAY, Feb 1. A chest of tea was stolen from 163 Front street.

PHILADELPHIA.

MONDAY—*Disappointment*—There is scarce any thing in this world that will sooner sour the disposition of some people, and turn their small portion of milk of human kindness into gall, than a series of disappointments, however trivial their importance; and perhaps noting on earth contributes more frequently to cause disappointments than the *promises* of tradesman and women.

On Saturday evening, a lady popped into a millenery in Arch street, smiling all over her face, and bidding "good evening" to the lady of the house, exclaimed, "if you please ma'am, I'll take my Dunstable that you promised to have done for me by to night; being as I am invited to dine out to-morrow, I thought I would call for it myself, so that there could be no mistake in getting it. You know the one; it was to be whitened and trimmed with pink."

Milliner.—Yes—I—that is—I am sorry to tell thee so, but it is not yet finished.

Lady.—Not yet finished?

M.—No, ma'am, I could not get it done.

L.—Well I must have it at all events.

M.—Thee cannot get it to night, but thee shall have it next week.

L.—Next week won't do; besides you told me that last Saturday night, and I must have my bonnet to-night.

M.—Well, but I tell thee it isn't finished.

L.—Finished or not finished, I'll have it. I don't come a half a mile to-night to be disappointed again neither; you've told me this story too often so out with it.

M.—(In an under tone.)—My good lady, do not talk so loud, for it is impossible to get thy bonnet to-night, for it is in the bleach house yet, and is not near white.

L.—White or black, have it I will, or I'll raise a mob around your very doors.

M.—Thee is doing that already. Don't I tell thee it is locked up in the bleach-house.

L.—(Stamping her foot violently, and raising her voice)—I don't care if it is locked up in the *watch*-house.

M. Well I think it's a chance if thee is not locked up there, if thee does not go away quietly.

And stepping aside, she gave orders for a constable to be procured; who forthwith appeared and politely requested both to step to a magistrate's office, where a compromise was advised, but the woman would have nothing short of her bonnet; and the magistrate ordered the millener to give her the bonnet, and make her charge, which the lady was obliged to pay, together with the costs.

A BAD BARGAIN. About dusk on Friday evening last, a fellow of respectable dress and appearance, accosted a farmer in Second street, near Market, by asking if he had potatoes to sell. The farmer answered that he had several bushels in his wagon yet unsold. His interrogator remarked that he wished to purchase, and would be pleased to examine the quality of the article. The farmer replied that he would open a bag, and show the potatoes. He entered his wagon for this purpose, followed by his new customer. While stooping down to untie a bag, the man who had followed him made a sudden pounce on the unsuspecting farmer, and succeeded in extricating his pocket-book from his over-coat side pocket, with which he made off. Another farmer, in an adjoining wagon, saw the movement, and made after him. After a spirited chase down Second street, he succeeded, at the corner of Chestnut, in getting close enough to the thief, to seize hold of his dress.—The thief, feeling the grip, loosened his cloak, and being now disentangled, and enabled to move with greater expedition, made good his escape.

In a moment, the farmer who had been robbed was on the spot. He said it was scarcely necessary to pursue the fellow further, as the cloak was worth more than the pocket-book, which did not contain a single farthing! He took possession of the cloak—one of excellent quality—and will retain it until called for by the rightful owner. As he walked off with his booty, he coolly remarked that he was "ready to drive such a trade as that any day."—*Phil. Post.*

Quite a Miss.—A gentleman, while standing in the theatre among a crowd, last evening, conceited or really did feel something busied at his hang-up, some where about the region of the pockets, in an inside one of which his pocket book was placed.—At the time he felt it his attention was much taken towards the play, and merely clapping his hand on the place disturbed, forgot the circumstance till his arrival at his hotel, when upon examination his hang-up was found to be cut entirely through, and the pocket book bare, but *safe*, which contained twenty-five hundred dollars, and a check for a large amount.

The gentleman arrived in the city on business, late in the evening.

A gentleman a visitor from the sister city of New York, was found by one of the watch on Saturday night, lying in the gutter, near the corner of Second and Market streets, which situation he had attained by some winding or sinuous course of proceeding, which made him a most troublesome subject for the discussion of the board of watchmen; he kicked, and scrambled and hollowed, and bit and scratched, every thing within his reach, till it was found absolutely necessary to put the screws, *alias* hand-cuffs, upon him, in which predicament they were obliged to keep him till this morning; and when loosened to be transferred to the office, he managed to give the watch the slip, and started for life, rather for *liberty*; but not knowing the locations of our public buildings sufficiently well to avoid the obnoxious, he took the direct road to the Mayor's office, and by the time he was overtaken, he was within a few rods of the goal for which he was, though against his will, destined. He had cut his head very badly in falling against the curb stone. Having produced highly respectable references, and the Mayor considering that he had been pretty effectually punished by his incarceration, he was discharged.

Thirteen of the persons who served in the late Virginia convention have since died.

The Beaver Republican states that Charles M Gostengen a young man twenty one years of age, was accidentally drowned in that neighborhood, on Saturday week.

Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York.

Saturday Morning, February 1, 1832.

CHOLERA vs. TOBACCO.

The opinion has been gravely advanced in some of the European Journals, that a free use of Tobacco is an antidote to the Cholera, particularly in chewing and smoking. This opinion has produced, as might have been expected, a great sensation, pervading all classes, from the sooty sweep to the scented buck. Many who could not, and even would not be persuaded of its usefulness, much less of its gentility, are now to be seen, slunk away in a sly corner, puffing away as lustily as if their very lips were at stake.

We are credibly informed that not only the *canaille* in multitudes, but even a number of *exquisites* of the "first water," have fallen so desperately in love with the cigars and "Mapes' real," that the gentlemen furnishing these articles find great difficulty in keeping a sufficient supply. Yes,

Many now puff, who never puff'd before,
And those who always puff'd, now puff the more.

What affect this great consumption will have upon the Tariff, we have not yet ascertained; we learn that in the "Prices Current," the price of the *raw* material, is considerably enhanced. Even our colored gentry have almost in a body seen fit to

"Take up the wondrous tale,"

and not content with chewing the "real Virginia," have called for "long nines," the improvident wretches! and "Lorrillard's best," without heeding the expense.

It has at length been ascertained, tho' shrewdly suspected before, that a select coterie of young ladies of the *haut ton*, by and with the advice and consent of the last appointed "Lady Patroness," are concerting measures to form a Club to meet on two evenings in the week, for the present, for the purpose of better considering and maturing their plans, and also for concentrating their influence to get up a new society, yclept the

"*Exclusive Anti-Cholera-Morbus-Society.*"

The Constitution we have not room for this week, neither for the names of the officers, regulations, etc. though we may present them hereafter. We would merely state, to gratify the excited curiosity of our friends, that its officers and members are to be *es-chewers* of any of the rich vulgar, and are selected from among those only who can smoke two cigars at a sitting, "use up" a fig of "pig-tail" or "ladies twist," between meetings, and snuff an "ounce box" of "Riell's genuine," each week during the present Cholera excitement.

Numerous affecting, as well as laughable anecdotes might be unfolded to view of the consequences of this new measure, but we forbear. It will to the "knowing ones" however, account for the breaking off of three "splendid matches" within the last ten days, in our first circles; one of the gentlemen declaring with a wicked word or two, that his intended's odoriferous breath greeted his olfactories too much like that of a boot-black's—or rather like that of a certain gentleman about town, well known lately in the fashionable world, who figured so conspicuously a few weeks since in the dress circle of the Park Theatre, and who was completely "blown" and "cut" as decidedly vulgar, on account of his partiality to that article of Mrs. Miller's manufacture.

We intend keeping our readers informed of the progress of these "new fangled doctrines," and of the "noxious weed" in gaining favor among our fashionables.

BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.

We take great pleasure in perceiving on all sides of us active preparations making to celebrate the coming 22d of February. We have ever thought favorably of national festivals, regarding them as calculated to foster and strengthen patriotic feelings and as appropriate in a country under a government like our own. And we know of no day, if we except that from which we date our independence, the anniversary of which is more worthy of becoming the occasion of such a festival than the birthday of our Washington. The sentiments cherished by the people of these States towards "the Father of his country" present us a picture striking and grand. Other men have lived, and yet live in the memory of their countrymen admired for their genius, or loved for their virtues—Others there have been, who have secured for themselves a splendid immortality by connecting their names inseparably with some great national triumph. But where shall we look for another like Washington, unsurpassed alike in greatness and goodness—whose history is the history of the foundation and secure establishment of the liberty of a mighty people, in honor of whom a nation of more than twelve millions of freemen, however divided by party and sectional interests, is perfectly united in the acknowledgements of its obligations and in the expression of its gratitude.

There is something to us in such a spectacle exceedingly imposing, and as unusual as it is grand. And such a one will this country present on the 22d inst. We intended to have said something of the influence our revolution (of which Washington was the soul) in hastening on the crisis so plainly perceptible in the affairs of Europe, and to have alluded to the propriety of a great political celebration among us in view of this crisis; but we have already said enough, and two much, we fear, for the patience of our readers. Suffice it that in almost every state and city, arrangements have been made for the coming centennial anniversary, to distinguish the occasion with unusual ceremonies. We trust our city will not be found wanting.

SKATING. We understand the lovers of this truly healthful and agreeable sport, are enjoying fine times on the Cedar Creek between Avenue D and Third Avenue, which has lately been covered with a beautiful sheet of polished ice, by that real lover of Skating and cold fingers—Jack Frost. Broken heads and frozen ears are "all the go," just at present,—still no amusement is more heartily entered into notwithstanding.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," advances the opinion that the introduction of Skating arose rather from necessity, than the desire of amusement.

We cannot by any means ascertain at what time skating made its first appearance in England, but we find some traces of such an exercise in the thirteenth century, at which period, according to Fitz Stephen, it was customary in the winter, when the ice would bear them, for the young citizens of London to fasten the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet by tying them round their ancles, and then taking a pole, shod with iron, into their hands, they pushed themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and moved with a celerity equal, says the author, to a bird flying through the air, or an arrow from a cross-bow: but some allowance, we presume, must be made for the poetical figure: he then adds, "at times, two of them, thus furnished, agree to start opposite to one another, at a great distance; they meet, elevate their poles, attack, and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and, even after their fall, are carried a great distance from each other, by the rapidity of the motion, and whatever part of the head comes upon the ice, is sure to be laid bare."

The wooden skates, shod with iron or steel, which are bound about the feet and ancles like the talares of the Greeks and Romans, were most probably brought into England from the Low Countries, where they are said to have originated, and where it is well known they are almost universally used by persons of both sexes, when the season permits.

Some modern writers have asserted, that "the metropolis of Scotland has produced more instances of elegant skaters than perhaps any other country whatever, and the institution of a Skating Club, about forty years ago, has contributed not a little to the improvement of this amusement."

On one occasion, says a writer in a Philadelphia periodical, four gentlemen danced, if we may be allowed the expression, a *double minuet* in skates with as much ease, and more elegance, than in a ball room. We will lay a bottle of champagne against a hen's egg, that in our good city of Gotham, we can produce a number of skaters, in comparison with whose performances, those spoken of before, although "pretty hard colts," would not be "a priming."

BACHELOR'S BALL.—We received from a correspondent an article on this interesting affair (to the ladies) to take place next week, with which we had intended to grace this number; but in a private note since received, he begs we will insert the following, of Mr. Mumford's, as he has been superseded. Though not entirely agreeing with our correspondent, in this respect, yet, as it is his wish, we insert it, with the hope that he will be more in season hereafter. The article before us is written in Mr. M.'s happiest style, and in a fine vein of humor throughout.

The staid and sober members of the Bachelor's Club have valiantly resolved to make one more grand effort to propitiate St. Valentine, by celebrating his festal day. Wearied at fruitless striving for a share in heaven's best gift to man, they have for some time past abandoned the annual ball, which constituted their stated offering at the shrine of beauty. But the comforts of former members who have become benedict, and the enhancement of single wretchedness by the late severe weather, have spurred the courage of the Primroses to a desperate exertion, and now a high emprise will be essayed. If ladies' hearts are made of penetrable stuff, and if the incidents of the ball-room can move them—the brilliant and dazzling lights—the rich, sweet, soul-awakening music—the graceful, gay cotillion, the thrilling, entrancing waltz—the dresses, and the flowers, and the plumes, and the *occasion*—if all these can melt them to smile on bachelors, then middle-aged hands and well seasoned hearts will not be offered in vain. And offered they will pretty certainly be—many of them at least—for the bachelors trust, and justly, for the inspiration of courage to *put the question*, to the enchantments of the scene—the exhilarating wines, "the many twinkling feet," the eyes with beauty beaming, and the improvement for the occasion of their own great natural charms. Many "offers" will be made between the ball-room and the carriage, and one shrewd and vivacious friend of ours, a hale and rather portly small man, only forty seven, has consulted us on his design to throw himself at the feet of a certain fair one directly after her waltzing with a certain person who is known to be engaged to another. We congratulate the gentlemen bachelors on their gallant enterprise, and sincerely wish they may succeed in their most laudable design.—There is one maxim we would impress on these adventurers—be sure to choose one younger than yourself. If old maids and old bachelors are like *halves of scissors*, as is said, the union of two such would be sure to cut off all hopes of—domestic happiness. The ball is to transcend all that have gone before in splendor and effect: Master Jennings hath promised to excel his usual excellence in the decorations of the *grand salon*, the supper, the wines, the music, and all; and the managing committee are to be particularly attentive and agreeable. The ladies of course will understand, and without any special design will appear in their neatest dresses and most killing smiles.

CITY PRESS—GEN. SANTANDER.—A very brisk skirmishing has been going on for a considerable time past between a few leading papers in this city in relation to Gen. Santander. The conduct of this gentleman while in South America had been pretty severely censured in some prints, always connected with an unqualified approval of that of Gen. Bolivar. These were immediately answered,—Bolivar condemned as a dangerous aspirant for monarchial power, and the proceedings of the tribunal that sent Santander an exile from his country, "*patria fines et dulcia arva*," pronounced iniquitous and unjust. Neither side wanted to compromise: from their actions they appeared to think the world was not large enough to contain the fame of both the soldiers—that of one must be hunted out.

"From words they almost came to blows," the interests of the *original principals* began to be dropped, and they talked of "bribery" and improper influences among *themselves*—each party "poised itself on its magnanimity," and snuffed up its nose at the other as "unworthy of notice." A few letters and appeals from Gen. Santander, lately published, have we trust, hushed up the quarrel.

Bolivar has gone down to his grave. Let him rest in peace. Posterity will pass upon his merits and, we venture to predict, in a manner not unfavorable to his fame. We hope it may be so with Santander. He soon will leave our country. A committee of gentlemen of the first respectability in our city, in a letter just published, have expressed unqualified approbation of his conduct, and in terms flattering to the General have anticipated much good to his country from his return to her, and invited him to a dinner previous to his departure. In an elegant reply, expressing great admiration for our country and its institutions, Santander has accepted their invitation and appointed Thursday next for the dinner.

A splendid ball is to be given in Albany on the anniversary of Washington's birth day. The Board of Managers consists of three of our state Senators, seven of our Assemblymen and twenty of the most respectable citizens of Albany.

"THE EXCLUSIVES."—Quite a sensation has been made the past week among the "Fashionables," by the *rara avis*, a magnificent private Ball. As it was given by a number of our spirited and wealthy bachelors, the number was necessarily limited, one hundred and fifty ladies being the extent. It was not a little amusing for us, "who had no lot or part in the matter," to look on and see the anxiety produced among the *would be's* on by apprehensions of not being included in the number of the select. The Ball was held on Wednesday, at Charruaud's Rooms. All the fruits and flowers of our green houses, and the showy ornaments of our fancy stores, were put in requisition, at great expense, to decorate the rooms. The invited say it was a *brilliant* affair; the "*would be's*" think it must have been a vulgar, *goody's* scene. At any rate we admire the spirit and liberality of the Bachelors.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.—The birth day of Scotia's bard, was celebrated as usual in this city, by his countrymen and admirers, on Monday the 30th inst. The toasts, songs, &c. which are given at length, in one of our city papers, we have not room for, but they evince in what estimation his memory is held, not only in his own, but in this country. A number of first-rate dinners were given in different houses in the city, which were well attended, and the day closed with several splendid balls. We regret not having it in our power, to present our readers with a few of the sentiments given, as well as songs written for the occasion; some of which would bear a comparison to those of him to whose honor they were written. Great credit is due the managers, superintending the arrangements, and who contributed not a little in rendering the day literally the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

THE LATE ORATORIOS.

Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah, which was announced to take place on Tuesday evening, Jan 31, in our last paper, was the most crowded performance ever known in this city. It was literally a *jam*. The pews, aisles, lobbies, and galleries were filled to overflowing, by a fashionable and delighted audience. At the request of a large portion of the community, many of whom were debarred from witnessing its first performance, the Society repeated the Oratorio on Thursday evening; with the same effect, and to a numerous assemblage of the lovers of the sublime author.

We have not the gift of language to express our admiration of the intricate merits of the piece had we room; and it would be presumption in us to praise, what is admitted by all the great masters to be *Handel's chef-d'œuvre*, and he the acknowledged master of all, in any age or country. Baumgarten justly observes that the strongest possible test of genius in some of the old compositions, is their surviving the age in which they were produced, and becoming the admiration of future masters. This has been peculiarly the case in respect to Handel.

Perhaps his musical powers are best expressed by Arbuthnot's reply to Pope, who seriously asked his opinion of him as a musician:—"Conceive (said he) the highest you can of his abilities, and they are much beyond any thing you can conceive." Mozart and Haydn, both composers of exalted eminence, were enthusiastic in his praise. The latter could never listen to his "*Messiah*" without weeping; and Beethoven, another great composer, was often heard to declare, that were he ever to go to England, he would uncover his head and kneel down at the tomb of Handel.

The Messiah, which was composed in the year 1741, when Handel was at the age of 57, enjoying full vigor of mind and body, is justly considered the most sublime of all his works, and indeed of all musical compositions.

This Oratorio was formerly performed in London for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, which was at that time, supported only by private benefactions. It has therefore, "fed the hungry clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan." It has been equally successful as in New-York, in all parts of the world, and never fails to bring the most crowded houses.

Thus much for the piece; of the performers, the high rank for talent, genius, and taste enjoyed by the New-York Sacred Music Society render any encomium superfluous; suffice it to say and it is no small compliment, that they performed their parts with their usual talent. Of the principals, Messrs. Hill, Taylor, Cole, Blondell, and Norton, and also of Mesdames Brichta and Singleton, and Miss Moran, with Messrs. Jones, Kyle, and Pearson, they have been so often before the public, and their merit so well appreciated, that they would "deprecate praise from block head editors."

Our Police Magistrates from some cause unknown to us, have not been so much engaged by their *supporters* this week as usual. Whether this may arise from the improvement of morals amongst our "light-fingered gentry," deponent saith not. Our Reporter is almost in tears for want of a *proper subject*, on which to ground an article for this department of "Life in New-York."

We have received, with a request to *Exchange* some dozen of papers the past week, and although we cannot oblige *all* our editorial brethren by sending regularly, yet we shall do so as often as may be in our power. Among the number, we notice several new publications, which appear to be conducted with talent. We invoke success to all that merit it, and with a hearty shake of the hand bid them "God speed."

We have to acknowledge favors from several Correspondents, a number of which are marked for an early insertion. We could not accommodate them all this week.

MARRIAGES.—The *Seta Times* recommends the craft to combine in adopting the following protocol of fee, to which the votaries of Hymen should be subjected, ere their happiness is published to the world. For inserting a marriage between—

	s.	d.
Mr. A. and Miss B. daughter of Mr. C.	2	6
A. Esq. to Miss B. daughter of C. Esq	3	6
D. do to the *accomplished* Miss B.	4	6
Do. to the *beautiful* Miss B.	5	6
Do. to the beautiful and accomplished Miss B.	6	6
Do. to the *lovely and fascinating* Miss B.	7	6
Do. to the young and interesting, or to the young and beautiful Miss B.	8	0
Do. to the lovely heiress of ———	8	6
A. Esq. the celebrated author ——— to the highly accomplished and beautiful Miss B.	10	6

It is understood that no lady will be at any loss to ascertain her place on the above scale, and this will render the beating down of prices unnecessary.

SAVING GOODS AT FIRES. We admire to gaze on our fellow men at fires—they are there as busy as ants before a thunder-storm—they are, one and all, determined to vie with each other, if not in usefulness, at least in mischief and in noise—each individual is there on "his own hook," to be useful, he will take your looking-glass that the day previous cost you your sixty dollars, and pitch it out of the chamber window upon some unfortunate person's head to save it from the flames; he will take your best Adam's Patent Swelled Beam Bedstead, and hew it to pieces from the same philanthropic feelings, in short he will run for you, with the purest motives, your most valuable china and glass ware, your books, your letters and your unpublished lucubrations—he dives into the fiery element like a hero, curses and bellows like a madman, and destroys like a devil.—*Boston Post.*

A trial for defamation of character recently took place in this city. The charge against the defendant consisted in having called the plaintiff "a liar, a hypocrite, and a thief," adding "and I can prove it." The counsel for defendant moved for a non suit, on the ground that the words 'liar' and 'hypocrite' were not actionable; and the word 'thief' which would be actionable, was not proved to have been used by defendant. The counsel for plaintiff contended that he was not bound to prove the exact words; that it would be sufficient to show that words substantially the same were used.

The court overruled the motion for non suit. It was proved in behalf of the plaintiff, that since the utterance of the obnoxious words, the defendant admitted the former to be a proper and a religious person. After a brief charge from the judge, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 50 dollars.

Mons. Chabert, after an unsuccessful competition with brother Jonathan for the "fiery throne," has at length changed his position, and now publicly proclaims that he has discovered an infallible cure for the toothache. This is something to the purpose. We hope his dentifrice may prove more beneficial to the grinders of the public, than his entrance of the "fiery ordeal" to gratify their [illegible] have a Yankee [illegible].

COASTING. The editor of the New York Standard is curious to know the meaning of this word. Coasting is a species of labor, or as some denominate it, amusement, peculiar to the lads of New England and consists of a series of experiments upon the principle of gravitation, accompanied by many curious exhibitions of the nature and [illegible] of descending bodies. Two things are indispensable to a successful performance of it, viz: a well frozen road or a hill well covered with snow. [illegible] who may happen to be in the path. The advantages derived from this strange yet familiar science are as peculiar as its pleasures. While her boy is pursuing this laudable study, the careful mother thanks her stars that he is out of mischief, or, as the ladies phrase it, "out of harm's way," and the wiser father reflects that if his son escape the peril of these journies, and "come safe home," he will begin at the proper time to coast the "down-hill of life," with a chance of coming to a safe end. There are many sage reflections which become the spectator of these juvenile feats. It is to be inferred that the boy who sits like a gentleman will carry his head uprightly; and that the [illegible] who travels head first is of a "stiff-necked generation." These two signs are sectional characteristics, and the two classes comprise all the lads of New England. The stranger who has seen the agility with which the coasters steer among their descending and ascending competitors, will be at no loss to account for the management or contrivance of the adult Yankee. And thus ends this lesson. The editor of the Standard will be able to gather from it, that "Coasting" consists in drawing a sled up hill for the satisfaction of sliding down upon it.—*Boston Courier.*

Washington Irving is about to put out a literary work [illegible], called the Legendary History of Ma[illegible].

The citizens of Baltimore have called ward meetings, with the object of adopting suitable arrangements for the proper celebration of the approaching centennial birthday of Washington.

The population of the city of Montreal by the last census just taken, is twenty seven thousand two hundred and ninety seven.

The great elephant now being exhibited in Boston, has been named Romeo, probably on account of the love he declares of weight and form. He weighs about 8400 lbs. The "half-mourning" specimen in Philadelphia is named Caroline. She may answer for a Juliet.

The Duke of Buccleugh met with a severe accident, when hunting lately; he was thrown from his horse, and his face a good deal injured.

COUNTERFEIT NOTES.—We copy the following from the Zanesville (Ohio) Gazette:—"It may not be amiss to remark, that persons should not attempt to pass counterfeit notes, although they be not received. A man was tried at this place on Saturday last, charged with attempting to pass a note, knowing it to be counterfeit, and if we may judge from the delay of the Jury in rendering a verdict, we may conclude that he run a narrow chance for the Penitentiary. We make this remark to caution such persons as suppose themselves justifiable in palming upon others, what has been palmed upon them. For passing, or attempting to pass a single note, knowing it to be counterfeit, a man is liable to confinement in the penitentiary, not less than three, nor more than six years."

The public are cautioned against receiving counterfeit three dollar notes, of letter K, Merchants Bank, which are in numerous circulation. The Bank has made no re issue of their three dollar notes since the appearance of the counterfeits, which are on letter K—consequently the greater number of threes in circulation are counterfeit.
Merchants Bank, Jan 30, 1831.

Mr. Thomas, who keeps an office at St. Louis, writes,

"A gentleman presented at my office a few days since a Five Dollar Draft of a new plate, (that is, the plate border, and vignette engraving round the figure 5) payable at Lexington, Kentucky, to the order of William T. Smith, without an endorsement, date 5th August, 1830; J. Harper cashier, and John Tilford, president, the whole filling up and signatures engraved. Letter E. The engraving very coarse, on fine soft paper."

The "Sunderland Bank" has been removed to Amherst, and its name altered by an act of the legislature. It is now called the "Amherst Bank."

An old and wealthy merchant of New Orleans, named Menard, has recently received three letters, bearing the signature of "*William Maxwell*," threatening him with death, unless he sent $3000 to the direction of the writer, through the post office.

Marylborough Gaol is chock full of Whiteboys and Blackfeet, although several still remain out on their recognizances untried. So crowded are the departments, that it requires some interest to get a ride on the tread mill, an exercise to which some of the Boys are rather partial, as they declare (whenever they regain their liberty) that it supples their knees for the dance.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

BUGS, HAVE AT YE ALL!—The Macon, Georgia, Telegraph, mentions a new steam engine to destroy bed bugs, not even sparing the unborn nits. It is the size of a coffee-pot, being a small portable furnace and a boiler. The steam issues forcibly from the nose, which is guided to the rendezvous of the bugs, and makes their quietus.

STEEPLE CHASE. This famous piece of sport, which has attracted so much interest, was to be run on Monday, between Mr. Barron's, on the Antrim road and Lisle hill; but, owing to the extreme wetness and severity of the day, it was postponed till Wednesday next—though the number of sporting characters was very considerable.—*Belfast paper, Nov. 22.*

The report of an extensive bed of coal in Saratoga county of the same kind with the Lackawanna of Pennsylvania, is further corroborated. Several gentlemen have succeeded in finding the real owners of the soil and have made purchases.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTACK OF THE CHOLERA MORBUS.—As an old gentleman was recently passing up Regent street, Horseferry road, Westminster, at a late hour, he was accosted by a nymph of the *pave*, with whom he got into close conversation; she contrived to extract his watch from his pocket and ran away. The old gentleman hobbled after her as fast as he could, calling out at the same time "Collar her, Collar her." Several persons ran up, and the old gentleman, while bawling out 'Collar her,' was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, and fell down. Several workmen who came up, seeing him in such agony, and on taking the cry of 'Collar her' for *Cholera*, immediately concluded that he had been seized with the Cholera Morbus. The coughing still continued, and the men very humanely took him by the legs and arms and ran off with him to the Westminster Hospital. A crowd soon collected, understanding that a gentleman had been seized with the Cholera Morbus in the street. In vain did the old gentleman, for a length of time, tell them that there was nothing the matter with him, and it was not before they were within 100 yards of the Hospital, that he made them understand that a girl had robbed him of his watch, which through their *kind* interference, she had been enabled to get clear off with.

The present has been a very inauspicious week for the theatres. The occasion of this is to be looked for in the inclemency of the weather on some evenings, and the variety of entertainment presented at other places, such as Concerts and Balls.

PARK THEATRE.

The performances at this house were prevented the first part of the week by the weather; the remainder has been filled with the Military Spectacle, (which we think might as well be discontinued,) Massaniello, The Rivals, and the very amusing farce of "It is the Devil," and the like.

Notwithstanding we are prevented by the ungentlemanly want of liberality on the part of the [illegible] chief manager of this theatre, (we know not whether the management has been changed, as was anticipated) from attending its representations on the same terms with other members of the editorial fraternity, we shall not allow this neglect of common courtesy to prevent us from occasionally looking in, and listening to the music and hearing the pleasantries of the company; neither will we neglect any opportunity of condemning the indecencies of Tom Thumb, or the "borings" of "Napoleon Bonaparte."

The opera of "The Maid of Judah," is said to be in rehearsal. We trust that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations of seeing it under the advantages of gorgeous scenery and "most eloquent music."

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

Mrs. Duff still continues to exercise that influence, which she so eminently possesses over other members of her profession, in winning bursts of applause from her numerous admirers, and the patrons of this theatre. We had the happiness of seeing her in the character of Elvira, and with great pleasure we pay the tribute of our admiration to her superior talent as an actress, and an ornament to the stage.

Although the tragedy of Pizarro has ever been popular, we do not feel a very decided partiality for it, and impute its success rather to "stage effect" than to the intrinsic merits of the play. On account of this, (if our opinion of the piece is correct,) it is not well calculated for the display of tragic powers. The defects of the character, however, did not prevent Mrs. Duff from gaining great applause to herself and the company with whom she plays. Mrs. Russell's personation of Cora was in her usual happy style, and elicited the warmest approbation of the audience. Wilson, as Rolla, was excellent, and was ably supported by Messrs. Clark and Judah, in Pizarro and Alonzo.

On Monday evening, Mrs. Duff appears in her favorite character of Adelgitha, with a variety of other entertainments. Her acknowledged merits cannot fail in drawing a full and fashionable house.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

The accession of a number of talented performers and decided favorites at this establishment for the week past, has been met by a corresponding increase of patronage, on the part of the friends of this house.

The performances of this evening are for the benefit of Mr. Tuthill, a very deserving actor; he presents a strong bill for the gratification of his friends, and we wish him all the success which he so justly merits.

An academy for the education of theatrical candidates, combining instruction in every department of the lyrical drama, has lately been opened in London by Messrs. Braham, Livius, T. [illegible], Craven, Horn, and other distinguished professors. The failure of theatrical aspirants, they say, is frequently more attributable to an inefficient dramatic education than to want of talent in the candidate, and thus much genius, that with adequate instruction might have been rendered available, has been wholly lost, and many discouraged or overlooked, which with previous care and due tuition in the various branches of stage requirements, would have rendered success unfailing, and have greatly advanced the interests of the drama.—Classes are formed for the instruction of the pupils in vocal music, as connected with the stage, in elocution, acting, and posture, in dancing, fencing, and every other accomplishment necessary to the attainment of eminence in the profession.

Mr. Forrest was to play Metamora, for the first time, at the Washington theatre, on Monday last. Miss Clara Fisher is engaged at that establishment, which continues under the management of the Jefferson.

J. J. Kipp.
AUCTION & COMMISSION MERCHANT
No. 186½ Grand st.
NEW-YORK.

Bignall's Prize Office,
144 Broadway.

ON Saturday, February 11, will be drawn at Philadelphia, the favorite Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 3. for 1832—54 No. Lottery—8 ballots to be drawn. Yates & M'Intyre Managers.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	20,000	1	do.	5,000
1 do.	3,136	1	do.	1,000
14 do.	500	35	do.	100

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Tickets Five dollars. Shares in proportion—For sale at Bignall's.

On Tuesday February 14, will be drawn at Wilmington (Del.) the Grand Consolidated Lottery, Class No. 3, for 1832. 60 No Lottery, 9 drawn ballots. Yates & M'Intyre, Managers.

SCHEME—1 prize of $10,000; 1 do. 3000; 1 do. 1685; 10 do. 1000; 10 do. 400; 10 do. 200; 50 do. 100, &c. &c. &c. Tickets $4; shares in proportion. For sale at *Bignall's.*

$100,000 for only $10!!

The very brilliant DELAWARE & NORTH CAROLINA LOTTERY will be drawn at Wilmington, (Del.) on Tuesday, Feb 21st, 1832. Ten ballots to be drawn. Yates & M'Intyre Managers.

SCHEME.

1 prize of	$20,000	1 prize of	10,000
1 " "	5,000	1 " "	3,000
100 " "	1,000	56 " "	500
56 " "	100	&c. &c. &c.	

Tickets $10, shares in proportion, for sale at BIGNALL'S.—Wholes, Halves, Quarters, and Eighths. No disappointment to those who call on Bignall.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

H. RAHN.
FASHIONABLE HAIR-CUTTER,
j14-tf 13 OLD SLIP.

Bardotte's Dressing Room,
156 BROADWAY,
Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son.

It chanced that in strolling Broadway,
And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte:
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
That I cannot but willingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich fixtures conveniently placed,
Towels of the whitest French linen,
Razors of rare silver steel,
Indeed I declare, by a deal,
'Tis the finest I ever have been in.

Bardotte, in his art to advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen's hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And spirit to that of their faces.

His Rattan *too*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
At his excellent Dressing Room, oft.
A FRIEND TO LUXURY.

TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

March Trade Sale.

THE subscribers notify the *Trade* that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already preparing, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the line. The assortment of Blank Stock to be sold in this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond copies. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plates; the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.

There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.

The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.

Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.

Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these periodical sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for their property.

Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after this date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.

Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments, consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.

Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges as heretofore.

PEARSON & GURLEY,
New York Long Room, 169 *Broadway.*
New York City, Jan. 13, 1832.

N. HOLLMAN,
Fashionable Hair Cutter and Perfumer,
No. 2, COENTIES SLIP.

HAS just opened the old stand formerly occupied by D. LEWIS, near Pearl street House. Those who have been in the habit of patronizing the old stand, are respectfully requested to call.—Such articles as are usually kept in an establishment of the kind, can be found here. He hopes, by punctuality and attention, that he may merit the patronage of the public in general. Gentlemen shaving themselves can have their Razors put in order at the shortest notice. Jan. 1832.

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood, 175, Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

NOTICE.—A Lottery will be drawn in New-York each Wednesday throughout the year. The Union Canal Lottery of Philadelphia, will be drawn every other Saturday. Schemes varying from five to ten dollars.

A Lottery is drawn every Friday at Richmond, Va. S. J. SYLVESTER,

Prizes will be cashed at Sylvester's Offices in Pittsburgh, Pa. 130 Broadway, New-York, Main street, Paterson, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

Yates and McIntyre's Tickets and shares are always for sale at the above offices.

When Money is enclosed without the Lottery being specified, tickets will be forwarded in the most approved of Yates and McIntyre's Schemes. A considerable discount allowed to Clubs, and to those who purchase packages.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of CASSAT & HUTCHISON, for the purpose of transacting a general Commission & Forwarding Business, in this city. They have taken the warehouse No. [illegible] Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.
[illegible] 6, 1832

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

The Western papers announce the marriage of Mr Levi Williams to Miss Nancy Twenty Canoes, of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians.

Now Levi had courted an Indian maid,
A genuine Tusca-ROARER;
And, whether he meant it or not, he said
He had ne'er seen her like, before her.

Says Levi, the people may laugh if they choose,
But, as soon as I can, I'll have her,
Her portion is generous—"Twenty Canoes"
At her christ'ning her father gave her.

So he asked the old Sachop for his consent,
And he asked the old Squaw for her's
And I warrant he pleaded right eloquent,
Through the "Twenty" interpreters.

Then off to a wigwam away in a wood,
Where the priests of that nation reside,
They hurried together, as fast as they could,
And Levi to Nancy was "tied."

But, alas! for poor Levi, he has lost his repose,
His fate beats most others "all hollow"—
He's constantly haunted—wherever he goes
The "Twenty Canoes" will follow.

Lord North, while engaged in discussing one of the most serious points of a question under examination, was interrupted by a dog, which had concealed himself under the table of the House of Commons, and now made his escape, running directly across the floor, and setting up at the same time a violent howl. It occasioned a burst of laughter which might have disconcerted an ordinary man. But he who knew how to convert the most awkward occurrences to his own advantage, having waited till the roar had subsided, and preserving all his gravity, said to the speaker, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new member, not acquainted with the forms of the House—I therefore yielded to him: but as he has concluded his argument, I shall resume mine."

Methusaleh not as old as he might have been.—The London Atlas tells us that "according to one of the Jewish authorities, Methusaleh did not live as long as he might have done, had he attended to good advice; for it is written that as he was sleeping on the ground, when well stricken in years, an angel came to him, and told him that if he would rise up and build himself a house to lie in, he would live five hundred years longer. Methusaleh made answer that it was not worth while to take a house for *so short a term!*"—and so he died before he was a thousand years old.

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn for several days, desired, previous to his departure, to have a bill; which being brought he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having had so many bottles of wine. "Please your honour (cried Pat) to read how many bottles they charge me." The gentleman began, 'one bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto.' "Stop! stop! master, (exclaimed Paddy) they are cheating you! I know I had some bottles of their port, but by St. Patrick, I did not taste a drop of their ditto."

From the American Turf Register.

FOX-HUNTING.

This, Mr. Editor, was within my recollection, the most popular of our rural sports—and I am not yet, if you will believe it, quite *passé*, as the Frenchmen say—

I scarcely know how to begin my remarks on the subject! To afford *amusement* is not in my power, were it within the scope of my design.

My object is rather to convey information, derived from persons and writers of more experience, than to portray, in its genuine colors, an amusement the most healthful and the most *intoxicating* that ever thrilled the heart of man. But here you are begging the question, says the dandy snuff taker, who never rose before the stars sat, to listen to a pack in full cry, or to see it run into their game with a breathless, tremulous, indescribable eagerness of motion, only to be understood by being seen.

He who has thus heard and seen will admit that all description must fall, at an immeasurable distance, behind the reality. Let him who doubts, rise in time to take an honest solid breakfast, of hominy, sausages, beefsteak and coffee, and on a blood horse, with free spirit and a sure foot, strike a warm drag in time to unkennel at sunrise. But we are "overrunning"—let us "try back."

For reasons that will be hereafter explained, my desire is to contribute to a "revival" of fox-hunting, and the hospitality, the healthful exercise, and the real enjoyment that naturally and invariably belong to it.

Postponing, for the present, all reasoning and eulogy on its innocent delights, let me draw upon the experience of others, more than my own, for the means to be pursued for enjoying, in the best manner that existing circumstances will admit, that field sport with which no other will bear any comparison.

There are, on this subject, no writers worthy of regard except the English, and they enjoy that, as well as other field sports, under circumstances so different, with means so much more ample, and fixtures and appointments so much more complete than ours, that no comparison can be instituted that will run on four legs!

Of all exhibitions of innocent exercise for pleasure, and of rivalry and excellence in horsemanship, I am persuaded nothing can equal an English foxhunt! Imagine from fifty to one hundred gentlemen in their scarlet coats, their buff or buckskin breeches, and fair top boots—mounted on hunters sleek, and impatient as their riders for the chase—many of them, horse and rider, able and eager to clear a five-barred gate!

Of all writers on the subject, Beckford and Somerville are at once the most scientific and practical; and as the poetry of the latter is clear, unambiguous and instructive, I shall frequently have recourse to it, without incurring the imputation of pedantry, or the danger of obscuring a subject, which it is my design to treat in a manner to render it familiar to every reader, and in the hope of encouraging gentlemen, *in every neighborhood where there is game*, to keep a pack of six or eight couple of real good hounds to go.

On the comparative excellence of fox hunting over other sports, Beckford, in his valuable and eloquent letters, remarks:—"What now other sports can vie with this, which is full of enthusiasm! Fishing is in my opinion a dull diversion. Shooting, though it admits of a companion, does not allow many, [illegible] therefore may be considered as selfish and solitary amusements compared with hunting, to which as many as please are welcome. The one might teach patience to a philosopher, and the other, though it might occasion great fatigue, [illegible] affords much [illegible] [illegible] rendering it [illegible]"

Though Beckford's [illegible] may be regarded as the text book of the chase, yet we must omit what he says on the subject of the kennel, its size, structure, exposure, furniture, &c. as too expensive and complicated, and otherwise inapplicable to our country at the present day, and pass on to what he says in regard to the size and shape of hounds.

He prefers hounds of the middle size, and says that all middle-sized animals are strongest and best able to endure fatigue. "In height," says he, "as well as the color of hounds, most sportsmen have their prejudices; but in their shape there cannot be much diversity of opinion. Some sportsmen boldly affirm, that a small hound will oftentimes beat a large one; that he will climb hills better, and go through cover quicker, while others, are not less ready to assert, that a large hound will make his way in any country, will get better through the dirt than a small one; and that no fence, however high, can stop him. There is a certain size best adapted for business, which is that between the two extremes, and such hounds will not suffer themselves to be disgraced in any country. That acute observer, Somerville, thus clearly expresses it:—

'But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic, he, in the thick-woven covert,
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake,
Torn and embarrass'd, bleeds. But, if too small,
The pigmy brood in every furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else, shivering, creep,
Benumb'd and faint, beneath the sheltering thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labors with success.'

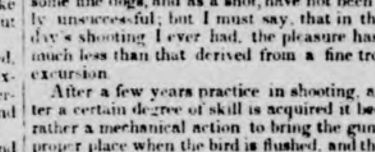
"As far as relates to appearances, to look well, they should be nearly all of a size, and seem as if they belonged to the same family. If handsome withal, they are then perfect.

"There are essential points in the shape of a hound, which ought always to be attended to by a sportsman; for if he is not of a perfect symmetry, he will neither run fast, nor bear much work: he has much to undergo, and should have strength proportioned to it. His legs should have the true and peculiar straightness of nature; his feet should be round and small, his toes bony and narrow, his chest deep, and back broad; his head (contrary to the generally received opinion) should be large. Such young hounds as are out at the elbows, and such as are weak from the knee to the foot, should never be taken in the pack.

'Somerville thus describes what he considers as a perfect hound:—

'See there with count'nance blythe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring; his wide op'ning nose
Upwards he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow, pied, or blue,
In lights or shades, by nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, straight hams, and wide spread thighs,
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in every part,
So well-proportioned, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack.'"

CATCHING OF HAWKS, EAGLES, &c.—A discovery having been accidentally made of a method of catching hawks, and as these birds make great depredations on our pigeons, partridges, hares, rabbits and other game, gentlemen whose estates are infested by the various species of these birds, may take them in the following simple manner. Ten hawks were caught last autumn, in a cage made upon the plan of the goldfinch trap cage, only larger. The bait that decoys them into the trap, is two or more small birds of any kind, but none better than the house sparrow, as they endure the weather better than the others. The hawk-kind are abroad most in dry, fine clear weather; and the cage should be set early in the morning on a hedge, or on some other open place, and left out till late in the evening, or in fine settled weather, all night. They have been taken all times of the day, and in close as well as clear weather. In rainy weather, these birds do not stir abroad. Those few gentleman who follow the noble amusement of falconry, may, by this method, supply themselves with hawks of all ages without having recourse to the tedious one of taking them from the nest. I do not see why the larger birds of prey in Scotland, and the adjacent islands, as eagles, herns, &c. which are so destructive to the fawns, lambs, kids, and all kinds of game particularly in the breeding season, when they bring a vast quantity of prey to their young, might not be taken in a trap-cage, made of oak, and plated with iron, or some other durable stuff and of a size proportionate to such birds.



THE DELIGHTS OF TROUT FISHING

It is common among sportsmen, to sneer at angling as a sort of dull and uninteresting amusement, much wanting in that high excitement, which they say accompanies so pre-eminently, the use of the gun. Now, I have been a sportsman for fifteen years or more, have owned and still own some fine dogs, and as a shot, have not been wholly unsuccessful; but I must say, that in the best day's shooting I ever had, the pleasure has been much less than that derived from a fine trouting excursion.

After a few years practice in shooting, and after a certain degree of skill is acquired it becomes rather a mechanical action to bring the gun to its proper place when the bird is flushed, and the missed shots are generally the result of indolence or carelessness.

But in trout fishing, the excitement never ceases: the difference in the size of the fish—the constant hope of securing a very large one—the varying aspect of the brook—the judgment required in making your casts—and when at last you have succeeded in hooking a heavy fish, the breathless yet restrained impatience with which you play him, now gently pulling on him, again giving way to his impetuous plunges, yet never suffering the line to slacken, until at length he is exhausted, and exulting in your success, you carefully land, measure, and deposit him in your creel. The man who does not then feel excited, has no sporting blood in his veins.

I consider trout fishing as requiring much more skill than shooting flying, which, by a person of steady nerves, may be acquired to a considerable degree of perfection in one season.

Not so trout fishing; after the long time I have pursued it, I find myself learning something new every year. Some more perfect rod, some new bait, a more killing fly, or some better arrangement of tackle, gives hope of more success in future. Even now, when the ground is as hard as cast iron, covered with snow, and the thermometer below zero, I find myself anticipating the triumphs of the spring, and planning excursions to distant and untried brooks. After all my practice, I cannot repress a certain palpitation of the heart, an increased rapidity of circulation, as on the green banks of some rushing brook, I arrange my tackle, "and all my slender watery stores prepare." Then the

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

When every pulse beats with joy, and every inspiration is redolent of health.

The brook commencing its course among the hills, now rushing over its stony bed, and now wheeling its dark eddies "by hoary rock and old impending tree," then emerging from the forest, it winds its placid course through "meadows trim with daisies pied," and at last loses itself in the calm and majestic river, preparing the angler, by its soothing influences for that state of quiet contemplation in which every informed mind finds a haven of rest.—*Sporting Mag.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN OVER CENTRAL COURSE.

Spring Meeting, 1832, about the last of May.

First Day.—A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old; mile heats; entrance $100, half forfeit—four or more to make a race. To close and name by the 1st of January.

Subscribers.—Saml. W. Smith; Thos. Snowden, Jr. John C. Craig; C. S. W. Dorsey, enters b. c. Upton, by May-Day, out of Jesse, by Telegraph; W. R. Johnson, enters full brother to Polly Jones.

Same day, a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old; two mile heats; entrance $200, half forfeit—four or more to make a race. To close and name by the 1st of April.

T. R. S. Boyce enters ch. c. by Eclipse, out of a Herod mare.

Fourth Day.—A post sweepstakes for all ages—entrance $250, play or pay; four mile heats—four or more to make a race; the proprietor to add $500. To close 1st of May.

Subscribers.—Mr. Moody; J. M. Selden; Geo. Howard; W. R. Johnson.

Same Day.—A post sweepstakes with colts and fillies, three years old; mile heats; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of May.

Jno. M. Botts; Wm. R. Johnson.

FALL MEETING, 1832.

Fourth Day.—A sweepstakes with colts and fillies now two years old; two miles heats—entrance, $500, half forfeit; (notes with security to be given for forfeit;) four or more to make a race. To close and name by the 1st of January.

Wm. Wynn enters b. c. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Isabella; W. R. Johnson enters gr. f. by Medley, out of Coquette.

——— *day.*—A post sweepstakes, four mile heats; entrance $500, play or pay; four or more to make a race; the proprietor to add $1000. To close 1st of October.

J. C. Stevens; W. R. Johnson; J. M. Selden.

We laid before our readers in the 4th No. of the "Spirit of the Times and Life in N. York," Mr. Osbaldeston's Grand Match at Newmarket for 1000 guineas, copied from "Bell's Life in London." Mr. O. has since given a new and still more daring challenge, which will be found in our paper of last week, in which he offers to ride with any man in the world, of any age, weighing or carrying his weight, from 200 to 500 miles for £10,000, &c. We regret to observe that in the original report in "Bell's Life in London," there were many inaccuracies, in consequence of which Mr. Osbaldeston has directed the following letter to the Editor of that journal. The 'new challenge' is appended to this letter, but as it is probably fresh in the memory of our Sporting friends, we thought proper not again to insert it.

Sir,—As I am perfectly confident that a correct and faithful report of my two-hundred-mile match was your only aim and object, I feel certain you will oblige me by correcting a few inaccuracies which appeared in your paper of Sunday last, and will insert the following in your next week's paper.

From your situation in the stand, it was impossible you could be an eye-witness to every particular, and you were consequently indebted to those around the starting post for the accuracy of them; many of whom no doubt came *red hot* during the match with some news or other. The first inaccuracy I would call your attention to is—"age, 47," whereas I am not 47 by several years. This is of no other moment than it might be the means of losing some persons' money, as bets have been made about my age before, and I have been referred to to decide them. The second inaccuracy is—"that Ikey Solomons made a slip and dropped a little forward, and I fell over his head," whereas after making the turn round the plantation from the stand, assisted by James Robinson and other friends, Ikey stopped short and turned round, but I got him off again, and after going about 200 yards more, he made the same attempt again, and finding he was likely to bolt among the trees, from having only a snaffle bridle on without a martingale, I threw myself off. He ran back towards the stand, but was caught by some spectators about 200 yards from me. I immediately followed, and remounted. When I came in, I was not at all flurried, but certainly shook from the fall. The third inaccuracy is—that I said "I would bet 100 to 1 nobody did it in the time I did," whereas I observed to one of my friends, who was doubtful about the nine hours, "I'll bet 100 to 1 I do it in the nine hours." There are men, I have no doubt, can do it in the time I did it, and in much less who only ride seven stone, if *they* are to be called men. Many fox-hunters and even jockeys, *before* the performance, thought it impossible to do it in nine hours; but now the same men say any *fool* may do it. If they are correct, pray what can a wise man do? Double, at least; perhaps no *wise* man will be fool enough *to try!*—100 miles in 17 successive hours and 18 minutes will puzzle all the wise men of the east. It is *the pace* which a man is obliged to maintain, with such short intervals between every four miles, that distresses him, from which the muscles have not time to recover—200 miles in 10 hours would be no performance to talk of; putting on the extra steam of six miles an hour tries the wind and strength. A man riding 11 stone could do it in 10 hours, if a good horseman, sound wind and limb, and with good pluck. Whoever accomplishes it in 8 hours and 42 minutes, riding 11 stone 3 lbs. will find "his stockings tied up higher than he ever had had them tied up before," to use a waterman's phrase. Various rumors have gone abroad as to the sum I won, and great exaggerations exist: some state it to be £10,000. After deducting all expenses, I shall not nett more than £1,800, owing to the supineness and bad advice of my friends they would not exert themselves for me, nor would they allow me to back myself "in the ring," because, they said, I should spoil the betting, and, if I would only be quiet, they would get plenty on for me. I followed their advice, but they never bet a shilling for me, but kept *humbugging* me to the last—"It was all right." They knew I would have bet 3, 4, and even 5 to 1 on the match two nights before, and kept me quiet to fill their own pockets at 6 to 4, which they did pretty handsomely, at my expense. I never was afraid of any thing but sudden indisposition, and at no one period of the match would I have taken 10 to 1 about the nine hours; I had time enough to dine with the Lord Mayor of London, and do it in ten. My friends' advice to keep quiet was something like the advice given to Dawson, who was executed for poisoning the horses at Newmarket. They persuaded him a pardon was close at hand, even up to the moment of his execution, merely to keep his mouth shut, as "dead men tell no tales," they say. I forgot to mention in the inaccuracies that Streamlet and Skirmisher were the last two horses I rode, not Dongola and Liberty, as mentioned in your report. I must now apologize, Mr. Editor, for having taken up so much room in your valuable paper, but having been pestered to death by so many inquiries about the match, and having been chaffed so much about a jockey doing it in eight hours, I thought it best to put a complete statement in the paper, and also to add the following challenges to the whole world, out of which one at least, I should imagine, may be selected for their adoption. I have named large sums, because in my attempting or accomplishing any of them, I should incur a great expense, and risk my health and stamina, and it is not worthy my notice for less. I address myself to all the sporting men of England, and surely as a body they can "stump the ready" against me alone if they think it a good "catch." Should no man or body of men come forward to take up any of my offers, I trust I shall not be bothered with "It is nothing to do—an old woman can do it—and a jockey can do it in eight hours," and so on. I merely back myself on my own stamina and determination; and a man of my age challenging all the world to back a man of any age against me is unparalleled in the history of any sporting, and hardly to be believed. I will however appear at the scratch whenever called upon, both with the needful and my own carcase ready for the "fray."

GEORGE OSBALDESTON.

Pittsford, Wednesday, Nov 16.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

In undertaking the publication of a paper, devoted, as this is designed to be, to the pleasures, amusements, fashions and divertisements of life, the subscribers have been animated by the persuasive encouragements and gratuitous promises of support, of many of the most influential, enlightened and respectable members of the New-York community. It is, to a certain extent, a field unoccupied by others, and one which is deemed important to be filled. For while the politicians, the theologians and the literati of our country have each their separate oracles which (like that at Delphos) proclaim aloud and defend their several opinions and interests; the cause of fashion, of pleasurable entertainments, of taste and recreation, find but few publications of a periodical kind, appropriated solely to their encouragement and support. To paint "life as it is," without the artificial embellishments of romance; to speak of its propensities for enjoyment, its appetite for pleasure, and indulgence, and its tendency to enter into occasional follies, is to do what many must approve, and no one can condemn. For it is certainly no more improper to *record* the acts of men, than to promulgate them orally to the world. "Pleasure," says a noble Frenchman, "is the chief business of life;" and however seemingly incorrect the maxim may be in the estimation of some, yet it is literally true: for the devotee certainly takes pleasure in the exercise of his religion, the merchant and mechanic in their several branches of employment, and the man of letters in his books: while the sportsman who chases the hare, or attends the ring or the race, is only pursuing pleasures in congeniality with his natural or cultivated taste.

In presenting this new candidate for favor and patronage to the public, it is the intention of the publishers to render it as interesting as possible, and to please *all* if they can, without wounding the feelings or disturbing the prejudices of *any*.—The language will be always chaste, so that the most delicate may approve. The paper will treat of FASHION, TASTE, and SCENES OF REAL LIFE, gathered from the every day exhibitions of the world. THEATRES, MUSEUMS, and other fashionable places of resort, will receive appropriate notices, while the SPORTS OF THE TURF, the RING, the PIT, of the FISHER and the FOWLER, will engross no inconsiderable portion of attention. The proceedings of the COURTS, civil and criminal, will as far as possible be given, when matters of interest occur; and more especially those of the POLICE, where Life in all its forms and colorings is so faithfully portrayed. It is also the intention of the editors to devote a considerable portion of each paper to the compilation and dissemination of the news of the day, in a summarial form, which will serve as a brief and faithful record of all important passing events, condensing a large mass into a comparatively small compass.

With these intentions, fully and fairly proclaimed, and with the most perfect good feelings towards all our co-laborers in the same vocation, we present ourselves before an enlightened community as candidates for their patronage and smiles. TERMS—Three Dollars in advance.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
JAMES HOWE.

☞POST-MASTERS and other Gentlemen who will act as AGENTS for our paper, by giving us notice, can have forwarded to them Subscription Papers and extra copies.

Gentlemen can be furnished with a specimen No. by forwarding their names free of expence.

Editors inserting our Prospectus will entitle themselves to a free Exchange and the favor will be thankfully reciprocated.

PROSPECTUS.
TO THE PUBLIC.

THE circulation of "SYLVESTER'S REPORTER, COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, & NEW-YORK PRICE CURRENT," having far exceeded the anticipations of the Proprietor, it being widely extended through every State and Territory in the Union, also in Upper and Lower Canada, and the West India Islands—it is proposed to enlarge it to the imperial size, on the issuing of the first No. in January, 1832.

In addition to a large portion of miscellaneous and literary matter, original and selected, it will contain much useful and valuable information, not only to professional and mercantile men, but to the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer. A complete and correct list of all the *Broken Banks* in the Union will be given, together with an account of all the latest *Counterfeit Notes* in circulation. Also the prices of the Bills of the various branches in the U. S. designating the discounts at which they are received in this city. It will contain the "*Prices Current*" of the New-York Market, corrected weekly; the value of the Stock of all the Banks, Insurance and other incorporated Companies; the prices of gold, silver, and the various rates of *Exchange* with the principal commercial cities of Europe. Every No. will also contain a detailed statement of all the *Authorized Lotteries* under the management of Messrs. Yates & M'Intyre, with their days of drawings, prices of Tickets, list of Prizes, and the numbers of each Lottery as drawn.

The subscription price of the paper will be *Two dollars and fifty cents per* annum, payable in advance; and from the fact of its very extensive circulation, and great number of copies sent to distant subscribers, it is confidently believed to be a valuable vehicle wherein persons of every grade may advertize their different avocations.

Advertisements for any period of time, will be conspicuously inserted on reasonable terms, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it an interesting, valuable, and useful paper.

S. J. SYLVESTER.

DENTIST

Dr. I. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay, and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Terro Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 21 ly

Business Notes

OF Merchant Traders and Mechanics discounted on favourable terms by SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

GOLD, *Silver*, *English and Irish Bank Notes* will be bought at the highest rates, also bills on Liverpool and London, at any of the offices of S. J. SYLVESTER.

Bank of England Notes.

WANTED £250 at
SYLVESTER'S 130, Broadway

Notice to Storekeepers.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers, in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S. has connection in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as those of larger amounts; it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may depend on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, or New-York, the subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER. d24

A. COX, Jr.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. ☞Cash given for cast-off clothes. j14 ly

Marble.

H. CLINTON PAGE continues to supply orders for MARBLE WORK at his former stand, 132 Division street, New-York such as Gravestones, tombs, Cenotaphs, and Funeral Monuments, of every description, executed to order with elegance and despatch.

N. B.—H. C. P. from his former practice for the Jew burying ground in Montreal, will be able to execute inscriptions in the Hebrew letter with greater facility and in a style superior to any of the trade in the city. dec 10

Boots, Shoes, and Caps.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes
2000 do Gentlemen's calf do do
3000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do
3000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots
1000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half heeled Roans
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers
2000 do do Buckskin do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes
5000 do Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

Samuel Phillips,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 218, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Drugs and Medicine.

DR. W. HORTSEN, 141, Grand Street, corner of Elm Street, has on hand a complete and extensive assortment of genuine Drugs and Family Medicine. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. From a regular apprenticeship, served with one of the first chymists in the world, and a continuance in it for the last 40 years, Dr. H. flatters himself that the Public will find its advantage in purchasing from a regular druggist instead of ignorant pretenders.

Domestic Happiness Portrayed,

A New-Year's Present.

THE above work is now ready for delivery and will be presented to Subscribers immediately. Others who wish to procure this valuable work, will be supplied with a copy at subscription price by applying at the Publishers office, 53 Fulton street, up stairs. 31 Dec 1831.

Dr. S. Baker & Sons,

DENTISTS.—177 BROADWAY.

A GOOD set of Teeth identifies health, cleanliness, and beauty; also the advantage of speech, and to keep the form of the mouth in its natural shape. It is disagreeable to have a person take distance a pace or two from us, while talking with us, or shift their seat in a stage, or in company, on account of the smell of foul or rotten teeth. Therefore teeth should be washed with warm water at night: for food or meat that lies between or about them by morning, makes the mouth taste badly and breath smell badly. People eat bread and butter, &c. and no one can wash a plate clean with cold water that has butter on it. If the tartar has so accumulated on the teeth, you cannot wash it off without injury to the teeth and gums, apply to a well experienced dentist, and let him take it off, and clean out the rotten teeth, then a very little attention will keep them healthy, white, and sound.

The subscribers' practice embraces all operations on teeth, and the insertion of teeth, from one to a full set, so accurately that they will have the appearance of natural teeth. Thousands of fine teeth rot, and are finally lost, by neglect or prejudice.

All teeth shall be set on the best and most approved method, and teeth cleaned, plugged, polished, &c. with the greatest care and professional skill.

Also, a number of entire sets of teeth on hand, of different sizes, and made of the best materials; and we challenge the world to produce handsomer teeth, better polished, or set better in the mouth. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth: and in this way, and by neglect of parents, millions of teeth begin to rot before the child arrives at the age of fourteen years.

To Lottery Adventurers.

S. J. SYLVESTER Licensed Vender, 130 Broadway, N. Y. 33 Market St. Baltimore, Md. 18 Exchange Buildings Pittsburgh, Pa. Maine St. Patterson, N. J.

☞All orders for tickets in Yates & McIntyre's Lotteries (none others are sold by Sylvester) must be addressed as above.

S. J. SYLVESTER respectfully informs his friends he has no connection with any other person. All tickets sold at any of Sylvester's offices are the original, and the prizes will be paid at any of them, or by the manager's agents throughout the United States.

Reference, Yates & McIntyre.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

WILL give the highest Price for SOVEREIGNS & GUINEAS, SPANISH AND PATRIOT DOUBLOONS, NAPOLEONS & LOUIS D'ORS, and all kinds of *American, English, German, French and Portuguese Gold, also English and French Silver.* PISTARLEENS, *Bank of England and Irish Notes.*

Sylvester will likewise discount at the lowest rates Notes of all the Banks in the United States, and of the Canadas, also collect and give drafts on the principal Cities. Letters addressed as below will meet the same attention as on personal application.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway

Robert H. Elton,

Engraver on Wood, No. 137, Division st.

NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10 tf

JOB PRINTING of every description neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130, Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and if attention, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honor, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds, without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞Orders must be addressed in all cases to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York, Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

☞No connection with any other person in the city and no one has permission to solicit orders in my name.

Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.

THE public are respectfully informed that this popular establishment still continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchased at *Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages *new* and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Galleries—HORSES kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The RIDING ACADEMY under the immediate superintendance of Mr. *Blyth* is open for the winter season, and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

BLYTH & WATSON,
22 Dec 1831. Tattersall's, 446 Broadway.

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making of bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

Type which has only been used in stereotyping, most generally on hand, and can be furnished on short notice at a reasonable rate to those who may prefer it.

Every article made use of in the Printing line, furnished to order, at manufacturer's prices.

JAMES CONNER.
Franklin Buildings, corner of Nassau & Ann sts.

Musical Instruments, &c.

CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN, Manufacturer of Musical Instruments, having taken the First Premium for the best Flutes, Acordions, Kent and Pocket Bugles, at the Annual Fair of the American Institute, offers for sale the following Instruments, which are not surpassed by any in the Union: Patent Flutes of the newest improved style, tipt Flutes, plain Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, Flageolets, double Flageolets, Bassoons, Bass Horns, Serpents, elegant Paris Horns, Kent Bugles, common Bugles, Trombones, Trumpets, Drums, Tambourines, Turkish Cymbals, Bass Viols, Violins, Guitars, Hand Organs, new patent Accordions, Mouth Harmonicas, with instructions in Spanish and English, and a general collection of Piano Forte Music at half price.—Instruction Books for all kinds of instruments, and Music for all kinds of wind instruments. All kinds of instruments tuned and repaired. The subscriber would particularly direct the attention of the public to his newly invented patent Accordion, an instrument played on by the hands, and with the gentlest motion emitting the most complicated and beautiful sounds. It has 6, 7 and 9 keys, and on it may be executed the most difficult pieces without effort. He hopes that the public who have heretofore been very liberal in patronizing him, will still continue to stop at 398 Pearl street, where they will always find a supply of first rate Musical Merchandize on the most liberal terms. He has just received a supply of first rate Roman Violin Strings, at the lowest prices. dec 10 tf

TO THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

JONATHAN ELLIOT, of the city of Washington, respectfully requests the Editors or publishers of Newspapers within the several States and Territories of the Union, to furnish him, *through the Members of Congress* of their particular States or Districts, at the Seat of the Federal Government with *three* copies of their Newspapers [marked "one" "two," and "three"] issued on [or about] Wednesday, the 22d of February, 1832, (*being the Centennial Anniversary of General Washington.*)

As his motive is entirely disinterested and patriotic in making this request, it being his desire to produce *positive evidence* of the number of Newspapers printed in the United States and their territories, he desires that particular attention may be paid to this request; and above, by the publishers of country papers in distant towns, that are, comparatively little known, and if, at the same time, they would communicate in their papers any "*statistical information*" relative to their immediate neighborhood, it would be highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

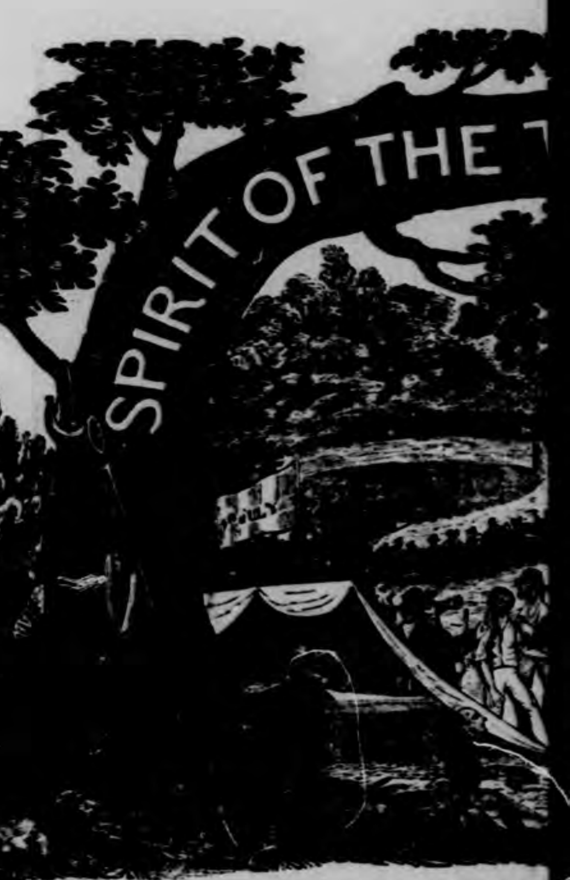
It is intended that every newspaper received, shall be carefully preserved and arranged, by States, in a room at Washington, devoted for this object; one set to be eventually deposited in the Library of Congress; the *duplicate* set to be transmitted to O. Rice, Esq. of London, (Agent for the purchase of Books, &c. for the Congressional Library) to be by him placed in the British Museum; and the *triplicate* set to be retained for some public institution.

It is intended, also, as soon as this collection is completed, to publish in a *tabular form*, in the public prints, for the information of the people of the United States, a list of all the Newspapers, embracing the name, place, and periodical publication, and terms of subscription. Great pains will be bestowed to make this list (being an important result to be gathered from the collection) as perfect as the material will admit.

☞It is hoped that the intelligent conductors of Newspapers favorable to the above project, will oblige the advertiser by inserting this communication in their respective papers, to each of whom a copy of the tabular statement, will be transmitted, as soon as published. ;14

Gold Balances.

PERSONS in the habit of purchasing English Gold, are informed, that the subscriber has just imported some superior BALANCES; they are very small, and particularly correct. Banks should never be without them. They will weigh Sovereigns and Halves, also Guineas, Halves and Thirds. S. J. SYLVESTER.



PORTER & HOWE, Editors and Proprietors.

VOLUME I. N[illegible]

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY WILLIAM T. PORTER AND JAMES HOWE, 53 FULTON-STREET, CORNER OF FULTON AND CLIFF-STREETS.

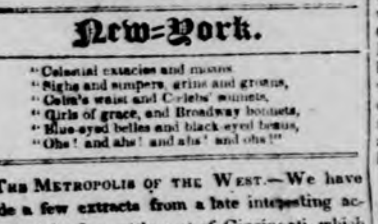
TERMS OF PUBLICATION AND ADVERTISING.

Subscribers paying yearly in ADVANCE,	$3,00
At the expiration of six months,	4,00
At the expiration of the year	5,00
QUARTERLY in advance, per quarter,	1,00

No Subscriptions received for less than six months. All Orders and Advertisements for this paper, must be accompanied with Cash or a city Reference—postage paid. Gentlemen procuring five subscribers, will be furnished with the paper gratis, or retain a commission of 15 per cent.

Yearly ADVERTISERS, paper included,	$20,00
Advertisements per square, first insertion,	,75
Do. Do. second do.	,38
Do. Do. longer inserted	,18

Yearly Advertisers are required to settle half yearly.



New-York.

"Colonial exactors and mams
"Sighs and simpers, grins and groans,
"Cupid's waist and Corlets' [illegible]
"Girls of grace, and Broadway bonnets,
"Blue-eyed belles and black-eyed beaus,
"Ohs! and ahs! and ahs! and ohs!"

THE METROPOLIS OF THE WEST.—We have made a few extracts from a late interesting account of the first settlement of Cincinnati, which we trust will prove as acceptable to our patrons as any "Bear Hunt," "Fish Story," or "Woodchuck Shooting" we could have presented them. They must not understand from this that we are unsupplied with numerous "monstrosities," and some "good shots," &c. &c.—far from it; we have two pigeon-holes full of accounts of "Blood Horses," "Sea Serpents," "Rabbit Hunters," and "Fishing Excursions;" to say nothing of remarkable cats, dogs, fighting cocks, and snake killers. In addition to these, we have dissertations on snipe-shooting, partridge-shooting, fox hunting, and eel-catching;—besides two long essays on the "Advantages of Agility in a Skunk Fight."—These, gentle reader, with twenty others we *could* name, but will not trespass further on your patience. We think you will agree with us that a "sprinkling" of other matters would occasionally suit you as well; and for that reason we have endeavored to make this week's paper more

"Various—
That the mind of desultory man,
Studious of change, and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulged."

CINCINNATI—PAST AND PRESENT.

It is forty-three years this week, since the site on which the city stands was surveyed. On the 7th day of January, forty-three years ago this day, a lottery was drawn for lots by the first *thirty* individuals who came here for the purpose of making improvements. The city now contains 30,000 inhabitants. A few log cabins and two or three frame houses were built the first year: during the past, upwards of 500 substantial edifices have been erected. The 640 acres of ground on which the city stands, cost originally *forty-nine dollars!*—Some portions of it are now selling at *thirty dollars an inch!* The beautiful quay—the substantial pavements—the numerous public edifices—the splendid warehouses on Front and Pearl streets, and the magnificent private dwellings on Broadway and Fourth street, present a striking contrast with the aspect of this place at the period to which we refer. Fancy to yourselves a beach bottom, consisting, like most of those along the Ohio, of two plains or terraces. The front or lower of these, projected out far beyond Front street, where the cakes of floating ice encountered the out-posts of the forest, a range of lofty sycamores, cotton trees, and water maples. The back part of this narrow plain was lower than the front, and covered with ponds and marshes, overshadowed with beech and maple, with a dense undergrowth of spice-wood, flags, rushes, and rank weeds. Where the splendid edifices and vast warehouses of Lower Main and Pearl street now stand, connected by brick pavements, were causeways of fallen trees in every stage of decay, which served as natural bridges for foot-passengers to reach the hill or upper plain, the ascent to which was nearly as steep as a well. This higher level was dry, and overspread with a lofty grove of beach, yellow poplar, and hickory, in unbroken and primitive grandeur. The whole site was inhabited by racoons, opossums, wild cats, and other small animals at that time common in the valley of the Ohio.

To the late Discourse of Doctor Drake before the Cincinnati Lyceum, in commemoration of the landing of the first emigrants at this place, we are indebted for a few reminiscences. The following is an account of the first appearance of hostile Indians upon this plain, after the landing of the emigrants:—

"In the summer of 1791, two men, Scott and Shepherd, had gone out in the morning to plough corn, nearly a mile from the river, up what is now Western Row. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the Indians, rising from an ambush at the edge of the little field, fired on them. Neither was hurt, and both escaped by running towards the village. Mr. (now Col.) John S. Wallace, and one or two others, were at work at a short distance from the spot. He seized up his gun, at that time carried into the field no less than the axe, and running towards the scene of action, fired on the foe, but without effect. In the course of a single minute, they cut off the harness of the two plough horses, and escaping with them into the woods, disappeared instantly. On going to the spot where the Indians had just been concealed, the settlers found eight blankets, a watch or blanket coat, a powder-horn full of powder, and a leg of bear-meat. From the *plunder* thus left by their sudden flight, it was concluded that they were eight in number. A party of volunteers pursued them to the Great Miami, above where Hamilton now stands, but returned without success."

The following is an account of the only prisoner taken from the village:

"The next attack, during the same summer, was on George Gears and Joseph Cutter, who were clearing land near where the canal now enters the town plot, a mile from the river. It was late in the afternoon. Gears ran into the village, but Cutter was taken and never heard of afterwards. Israel Ludlow, John S. Wallace, and five others, pursued them up Mill Creek about three miles, through the thick growth of underbrush and high weeds, when, night coming on, they relinquished the chase."

It cannot fail to interest our city readers, to know the spot where the only blood ever shed on the town plat by the Indians, was spilled:

"In the same summer, and near the same spot where Cutter was captured, a man by the name of Vancleve was, likewise, engaged in clearing land, when a single Indian suddenly emerged from the adjoining wood. Vancleve instantly ran towards the place where the hospital now stands. The Indian pursued and overtook him, about two squares north of that edifice, and between the Canal and Western Row. Finding escape impossible, the unfortunate man stopped and turned round, when the Indian instantly stabbed him.—Vancleve seized the blade of the knife, which the Indian drew out of his hand, cutting it severely, when he fell, received another stab, and expired. In a single moment the Indian took off a small scalp, and retreated into the woods with the celerity of a panther. This was the *first and last* human blood which fell upon our soil by Indian hands. The catastrophe was witnessed at a short distance by Seth Cutter, Ezekiel Sayre, and some others, but they were unarmed, and no pursuit was made.

"The last time that hostile Indians were known to enter the precincts of the village, was in the spring of the succeeding year 1792. It was in the night. They were not seen, but left behind them a fearful evidence of their stealthy and silent intrepidity. Near the centre of the square between Front and Second streets, and a little west of Elm street, an ox was found dead, in the morning pierced with two Indian arrows. The bell which he wore had probably attracted their attention to him, and, as it was taken off, they had, no doubt, killed him expressly to obtain it. A cabin, inhabited by a family, stood within 200 feet of the spot where the animal was killed."

We were the more particularly struck with the following account of perhaps the first larceny, and certainly the first infliction of criminal law that ever occurred in the Miami country, from the fact that our legislature are now discussing the policy of returning to this primitive mode of punishment for minor offences. The orator had it from Luke Foster, Esq. formerly one of the judges of the county. The occurrence took place at Columbia, immediately below the Little Miami, the first village settled—now a group of farms.

"Before the arrival at Cincinnati of Governor St. Clair, in January, 1790, the settlers were without laws of any kind. The following incident will show the means of civil government resorted to at that early period. A man who had brought flour down the river, had a barrel stolen from the landing. The first man he met and acquainted with his loss, proposed to search every house, and ask the owner of each one to their party as they went on. They examined thirteen cabins without resistance; but the inmate of the fourteenth pronounced it a lawless proceeding, and refused, *from principle*, to permit the search. His opposition however, availed but little, and the lost flour was found under his bed. A trial, of course, was then necessary, and it only remained to devise and execute a suitable punishment, in which they were not slow. Every one of the thirteen provided himself with a switch, and, tying the thief to a hickory tree, each gave him three stripes, which in the language of one of the party, 'made the compliment of forty save one,' and the property being restored, all was settled."

We admire the spirit of this culprit, in contending for principle. A man's house is his castle; and he who would not resist its being searched, when he had a barrel of stolen flour under his bed, must be a poor democrat.

We may perhaps give some further interesting reminiscences hereafter.

POETICAL LANGUAGE.—A Welsh knight of the ancient and honourable order of St. Crispin [illegible] called out from the ground floor of his dwelling house to his wife who was nursing the pledges of their love in the garret—"Angel, descend with the Cherub!" If such language become general among the Jobsons of the day, the old farce of "The Devil to Pay" will be hooted off the stage as a libel on the worshipful company of cobblers.